

A N  
E S S A Y  
U P O N  
Sublime.

Translated from the Greek of  
DIONYSIUS LONGINUS CASSIUS,  
the Rhetorician.

Compar'd with the French of the Sieur  
Despreaux Boileau.

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Μεγάλως ὑπολαμβάνειν, ἀμάρτημα' εὐχρῆς. Longin.

Græcis Bonis Anglicanas fecit non Bonas. Ex  
Terent.

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O X F O R D :

Printed by L. L. for T. Leigh; at the Peacock  
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L O N D O N. 1 6 9 8.

# ESSAY

Suppliment

Translated from the French of  
M. de la Harpe, &c.



By the same Author  
Gentle and easy

Printed by J. B. Smith  
at the Sign of the Crown  
in the Strand

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T O

John Atherton, Esq;

O F

G R A T S - I N N.

SIR,

**T**HO' I have reason to be asham'd  
of sending this dull Version  
into the World, yet I am justly  
proud of gracing it with so good a Pa-  
tronage as yours. If I were Master of  
the style us'd in the modish Dedications  
of the Age, I would tell you, that I am  
conscious, that *Longinus* has suffer'd his  
second Tortures from me, and that I  
have been more cruel to our Rhetorician,  
than the Emperour *Aurelian* himself;  
because I have murder'd him in that, in  
which every Writer has the vanity to  
think himself immortal, his Wit and  
Fame: And therefore the only satis-  
faction which I could make him for  
Translating him ill, was to Dedicate  
him

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## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

him well. An Epistle Dedicatory according to the Mode, by a strange sort of Prophecy, would inform you, that if you had liv'd in the times of *Longinus*, he would have neglected *Posthumius Terentianus*, by inscribing the Original to you. For a fashionable Dedicator can as easily bestow all good Qualities on his Patron, whatsoever his real Character may be, as *Sir Godfrey* draw a Beau in Armour, or a Coward disgracing a Truncheon. But you have no need of being flatter'd, either by the Pencil or Pen; and your Perfections are in no want of being oblig'd by Painter or Dedicator. I shall therefore pass that pleasing Image by, as not fit to be prophan'd by such vulgar Hands as mine. Yet 'tis with the greatest self-denial, that I do not touch upon what I must own I most admire you for, your Virtue; which I am perswaded has had such a constant ascendant over all your actions, that on that account you especially deserve to be recommended, as a Pattern, to all the young Gentlemen of the Nation. But 'tis as hard to describe your Virtues, as 'tis to imitate them; and I should blush, a thing which people seldom



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

seldom do who have had the boldness to write, to see them look in my Draught so far below their beauteous Original. I shall only then be guilty of the injustice of disturbing your better employ'd Minutes, in giving you an imperfect account of our Author, of this his Work, and of what ought not to be nam'd in the same Page, my rude Translation:

The particular place where *Dionysius Longinus Cassius* was Born, is not known. That he was a Native of some Country, where *Greek* was the vulgar Language, appears from the tenth Chapter of this Treatise which I adorn with your Name: for in the Parallel between *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, he gives himself the Title of \* *Grecian*; and somewhat lower, he styles *Demosthenes* his † Countryman. The laborious *Gabriel de Petra* and our judicious *Langbain* conjecture, that he was a *Syrian*, because he was a Minister of State under *Zenobia* Queen of *Palmyra* in *Syria*. But the guess is

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\* εἰ καὶ ἡμῖν ὡς Ἑλλήσιν ἐφείλεται, &c. † καὶ ὁ μὲν ἡμέτερος, &c.

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

plainly false; for \* *Vopiscus* giving an account of that bold Letter which *Zenobia* sent to the Emperour *Aurelian*, says, that *Aurelian* from the style judg'd it to be compos'd by our *Longinus*, notwithstanding that the Language of it was *Syriack*. *Longinus* was not therefore a Native of any Country where *Syriack* was generally us'd.

The time in which he flourish'd is stated by † *Suidas*, to be under *Aurelian*, about the 262 *Olympiad*. But this assertion must be taken with something of latitude: for he may rather be said to have dy'd under *Aurelian*, to the disgrace of that brave, but cruel Prince, than to have flourish'd under him. So that our Author may be more justly plac'd under *Gordian*, *Philip*, *Decius*, *Valerian*, *Gallienus*, *Claudius*, *Odenatus* the Husband of *Zenobia*, than under *Aurelian*. He was Cotemporary therefore with the *Plato* of the Christians, the famous *Origen*; with *St. Cyprian*, *Plotinus*,

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\* *F. Vopiscus Syracus*, in *Valeriano*. † *Suidas* in the word *Longinus*, p. 52. Tom. 2. Colon. Allobrog.

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

and *Porphyry*; *Herodian* and *Dion Cassius*,  
Historians; with *Dionysius* the Geogra-  
pher, and the Poet *Oppian*. He liv'd also  
near the times of that famous Magician  
*Apollonius Tyanens*, whom *Philostratus*  
makes our Saviour's Rival in Birth,  
Virtues, Miracles, nay and in his \* Di-  
vinity too. Tho' it must be confess'd,  
that *Apollonius* himself in his † Epistles,  
if they are genuine, always disown'd  
Divinity.

The Profession of our Author was  
chiefly Rhetorick, not purely that  
Scenick kind of Rhetorick which was  
taught in the Schools; which *Petronius*  
*Arbiter*, *Lucian*, and the more delicate  
Criticks are so pleasant upon; but such  
as made *Pericles* and *Demosthenes*, *Brutus*  
and *Cicero*, so famous at *Athens* and  
*Rome*.

As he was an accomplish'd Rheto-  
rician, so he seems not to have been a  
Philosopher of the last rate. That Dis-  
course which remains of his in \* *Euse-*  
*bius*, against the *Materiality of the Soul*,

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\* *Philostat. Τὸ βίβ' Ἀπολλωνίου Τυανέως* Book  
8. chap. 12. † *As in his 8<sup>th</sup> Epistle to Euphra-*  
*tes. Edit. Lubin.* \* *Prepar. Evang. p. 822.*

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

is very noble, as well as subtile ; and shews him to have been an exact *Platonist*. *Plotinus* indeed says, that he only deserves the Title of a Philologist ; yet if we compare his Reasonings with those of *Plotinus*, which † follow next in *Eusebius*, we shall discover, that the former may lay as just a claim to the Character of Philosopher, as the latter.

His Death, which is the most memorable Incident that Antiquity has left us of this great Man, is thus describ'd by *Zosimus* and *Vopiscus*.

After the Conquest of *Palmyra*, the *Tadmor* of *Solomon*, call'd also *Adriano*, *Aurelian* return'd to \* *Emisa*, where he commanded his Royal Slave *Zenobia*, just before made Prisoner, and others of his chief Captives to appear before him. The Queen's behaviour in that juncture did not reach up to that gallant Character, which † *Aurelian* had before transmitted of her to the Senate. For she made use of all little feminine

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† P. 823. \* Perhaps the *Emissa* of *Ptolomy*, p. 140. *Edit. Bertij.* † *Trebell. Pollio*, p. 264.

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Arts to save her own Life, alledging that she was wrought upon by the insinuations of her Courtiers, to espouse a Party, as much oppos'd to her own inclinations, as to the interest of *Aurelian*. And then she accus'd *Longinus* as the most active promoter of the late War, and as a violent Enemy to the Roman Government. *Aurelian* upon this immediately commanded his Death, which he \* suffer'd with all the gallantry and courage of One, who was not only a Philosopher in his Discourse, but also in his Soul and Spirit; and who acted with the same Sublimity with which he wrote. His Master † *Plato* had taught him, that Immortality was as naturally imply'd in the Soul, as Imparity in a Triad; and that when this immortal Part has once receiv'd its Idea's, it must for ever Think. Such Reflections as these made him willing to purchase his Liberty by his Death, and to be again united with the common Ætherial Spirit, which inspires, feeds and ani-

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\* *Zosim. Histor. Lib. 1. p. 51.* † *In Phædone, and elsewhere.*

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

mates the Universe. Thus Died the *Socrates*, the *Cato* of his Age. But what he has written will never die: the Tyrant had no power over this, but it shall still survive, flourish and please, in spite of the injuries of Time, the differences of Tastes through so many Ages, and the dullness of Translators. You, SIR, who accurately understand the Original, will not judge of its Beauties by any Translation, much less by mine, which no more resembles *Longinus*, than our common Paints match *Titian*, or *Rubens*.

This Piece was compos'd against *Cecilius*, a *Sicilian*, who had written on the same Subject in the \* Reign of that Patron of Learning, *Augustus*. 'Tis inscrib'd to *Posthumius Terentianus*, the same, as some fancy, who wrote of the *Measures of the Roman Poetry*. The work is imperfect, yet has it had always the same Honour paid it, which is usually given to the half-faces and disfigured pieces of Antique statues, those venerable *Frammenti Stroppiati*, suppos'd to be done

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\* *Dionys. Halicarnass.*

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

by some eminent Hand. Nor has any Person, that I know, been so bold as to criticise upon this great Master of Critick, except the ingenious and malicious \* *Tanaquil Faber*, and † *Pet. Daniel Huetius*, Præceptor to the *Dauphin*, and a Bishop in *France*. As to *Faber's* Criticisms, they are not much to be regarded, because there is scarce any Author of Antiquity, which can in all points please this nice Judge. He would quarrel with the Goddess of Love, on account of her Mole; and since he seems to admire none more than *Longinus*, his admiration of him may atone for his little cavils against him. But as to the *Sieur Huet*, a very learned Man, almost equal to the former, tho' quite over-run with *Rabbinism*, and an affectation of singularity; I shall, with your leave, pass a transient view upon what he has said, because he insults the most remarkable passage in our Author.

His Objection is level'd against that famous place, taken notice of by so

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\* *Notis ad D. Longinum*, p. 253. and elsewhere. † *Demonstrat. Evangel.* p. 65, &c.

many

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

many, quoted from the *Genesis* of *Moses* : on which he remarks, *first*, that it is not Sublime, and *secondly*, that *Longinus* never saw the Passage in *Moses*, but took it upon trust from some other Author. To the first, 'tis plain that the words are not sublime, or magnificent ; but the Thoughts are truly lofty. Nothing could have given us a nobler prospect of the greatness of God, than his commanding the World to Be, in so few, and so well chosen words. Compare this with the more artificial Style of \* *Josephus*, on the same Subject, and you will find how far Inspiration out-does the greatest Wit. Mr. *Huet* did not observe that *Longinus* here was describing that Sublimity, which rises from the greatness of Thought, and not from the magnificence of Words. Hence he makes *Silence* it self sublime, as that of † *Ajax* in *Elysium*. For sublime Words without great Thoughts are only fit for Burlesque, as we see in the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*, and the Italian *Secchia rapita* &c. Hence in the Translation, I have en-

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\* *Joseph. cap. 2. ἀρχαϊκῶς. Ἰουδαϊκῶς.* † *Chap. 7.*



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

deavour'd to keep a modesty of Words, (which perhaps some will call an Humility,) in the most exalted Pieces. The second Objection is, that *Longinus* never saw the Passage in *Moses*, because he cites it in different Words from those in *Genesis*. To this I reply, that *Longinus* very often takes only the Sence of his Authors, as far as relates to his purpose, and not the very Expressions. Thus in one of the first hints borrowed from *Sophocles*, \* the Words are much chang'd from the Original. Thus in the 13<sup>th</sup> Chapter, the Image which he takes out of the *Seven before Thebes* is quite alter'd from what is in the Poet; and so in other places. Shall we then say, that he never read *Sophocles* or *Aeschylus*? Or can we suppose, that since his Royal Mistress *Zenobia* was either a Jew, as *Faber* asserts, or a Christian, as † *Baronius*, that her Favourite could be ignorant of the Mosaick Writings, so important to both Religions?

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\* Cap. 2. Μικροῖς μὲν ἀντίστοιχοις, φορβῶν δ' ἄλλοις, in *Longinus*. Φυσᾷ γὰρ ὁ μικροῖσιν ἀντίστοιχοις ἦν, ἀλλ' ἀγρίαις φύσει, φορβῶν δ' ἄλλοις, in *Sophocles*. † *Annals*, *Tom* 1. p. 794.

Thus

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Thus far have I vindicated our Author, from the wrongs others have done him ; but those which I have been guilty of, by so ill resembling his noble Sence, cannot so easily be wip'd off. Yet if the impartial Critick would consider the shortness of the time in which this Translation was done, some Years since for my own diversion, and to make my self Master of the Author ; and that it was perform'd upon no other Edition, but the common ones of Dr. *Langbain*, and *Gabriel de Petra* ; it might form some excuse for the Translator, if not procure Pardon for one, who only desires that this Version may be spar'd, and that all the fury of the Critick may fall upon the next. Afterwards indeed, as was fit, I revis'd it by *Faber* and *Boileau* ; but as for *Tollins*, he had not then written. But after all, the only just Apology which I can make for sending this Version into the World, is to be the first Discoverer of what a Patron of Learning you are like to prove. So that I had almost said, That for the Honour of such a discovery, who would not hazard his Credit in an exact Age ?

'Tis

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

'Tis remarkable, that *Alexander* was first sung by *Chærilus*, but then the Wits of that and all succeeding Ages, drown'd the harshness of his Rhymes in the most tuneful Praises of the Heroe. Thus I am the first who have dedicated to you, but the disgrace, I presage, will be taken off, when the *Drydens* and *Congreves* shall honour their Works with your Name. I am sensible, that this whole Translation is so liable to censure, that even the Title may be criticis'd upon, and some may question, why it should be styl'd an *Essay*. But I think that this Word well enough expresses the \* Greek. Through the whole in the Prose I have kept close to the Greek; and the Verse, in its greatest distance, is nearer than the French, tho' far below its height. Where I have made the greatest deviations, I have put the Greek at the bottom, when our Language would not bear a Metaphrase. The Translation being in its first draught done after *Dr. Langbain*, the Chapters follow his division. When I began it, I

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\* Βιβλίον, συγγραμμάτων, &c.

design'd

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

design'd to have parallel'd every Part  
in *Longinus* with our modern Poets.  
Thus does not the description of the  
true God in *Milton*, match that of the  
false ones in *Homer*?

*Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean, &c.* *Milt. Parad. lost. B. 3.*

Does not that in *Tasso*, out-do both in  
his *Godfrey*?

*Sede a cola, don d'egli e buono, e giusto  
Dà legge à tutto, e l' tutto orna, e produce,  
Soua i bassi confin, del mondo angusto,  
E de l' Eternità, &c.* *Canto nono, 56 Stanza.*

And so in other instances of *Sublime*.

But this Task I leave to abler hands,  
being convinc'd how far I have mistaken  
the force of my Genius, in attempt-  
ing *Longinus*. Could I presume to re-  
commend this Undertaking to you, who  
are such a curious Judge of the Beauties  
of Modern Compositions, you might  
from Patron of a bad Translation, be-  
come Author of an excellent Original,  
and teach me to write better.

I am, SIR,

*Your most Devoted,  
Humble Servant.*

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A N

# E S S A Y

U P O N

## Sublime.

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### C H A P. I.

*The Occasion and Design of the whole Work.*

**Y**OU know, my dearest *Posthumius Terentianus*, that when we read over together that Piece, which *Cecilius* has compos'd of *Sublime*, we were both of the same sentiment, \* That the Treatise was too contracted for such a vast Subject; that the Master-strokes were left untouch'd; and that That which he had perform'd best, would be but of small advan-

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\* *The Sieur Boileau translates it, Que la bassesse de son stile reponoit assez mal à la dignité de son Sujet. But falsely, though very ingeniously, and suitably to Dr. Langbain's Translation. Dacier.*

tage to the Reader ; which yet ought to be the design of every good Writer. More than this, That in the managing of every Art, two things were to be minded with the strongest application ; the one is to set the Subject in the best light, and the other to shew how, and by what means we may compass the practice of what we teach. *Cecilius* has confin'd himself with great closeness to the former of these ; he has try'd all ways of shewing what *Sublime* is, as if it was some very obscure Mystery ; but he has been silent, as if it was a trivial enquiry, in acquainting us with what may raise our Natural Parts to this height of *Sublime*. But to pass an impartial judgment on this Writer, I think he is not so much to be censur'd for his Negligence in what he is imperfect in, as honour'd for his Industry in what he has finish'd, and for his Endeavour to do well in both. But since it was at your special command, that I design'd this rough draught of *Sublime*, let us see whether we can find any thing in it, that may prove useful to an Orator. And it is at your peril, my dearest Friend, that we must re-view this Piece of mine ; and I conjure you to tell me your true Sence of it, with that freedom and candour, which we owe to those we have lodg'd the nearest our hearts. For as a very \* great

\* *Pythagoras*. Man observ'd long ago ; *If we have any way of approaching the Gods, it must be by doing Good, and speaking Truth.* -And

And here I cannot but take notice, that as You; the Person to whom I address this Discourse, are a Gentleman stock'd with all polite Learning, so it will be unnecessary to embarrass it with a long preamble of useless Discoveries, before I fall upon the point: As that *Sublime* is the Excellence and sovereign Beauty of a Discourse, and that it rais'd the greatest Poets and Orators of Antiquity to that pitch and fame, which they have maintain'd against all Posterity. For great and lofty Thoughts do not so truly persuade, as charm and throw us into a Rapture. They form in us a kind of Admiration made up of Extasy and Surprize, which is quite different from that motion of the Soul, by which we are pleas'd, or persuaded. Perswasion has only that power over us, which we will give it; but *Sublime* carries in it such a noble Vigour, such a resistless Strength, which ravishes away the hearer's Soul against his consent. Tho' Invention sparkles, tho' order and justness of Thought display themselves, not only in two or three lucky hits in a Discourse, but even through the whole train of it, yet do they scarce strike on the Mind. But a *sublime* flight; tho' 'tis only once darted, if it is well plac'd, like a Tempest, carries all before it, and shews all the strength of an Orator combin'd into one stroke. But these Rules, and others of greater value, as you have

practis'd with the greatest success, so you might teach them others with the nicest exactness.

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## CHAP. II.

*Whether Sublime may be learn'd; and a short Scheme of those faults which interfere with it.*

'TIS our business in the entrance of this Discourse, to enquire whether there is any such Art as that of *Sublime*, or *high Flights*. For there are Persons fancy, that it is ridiculous to make it an Art, or to gather it into Rules. *Sublime*, say they, *is Born with us, and not Taught us*. And the only Art to compass it, is to be born with a lofty and elevated Soul. The works of Nature, as they pretend, are debas'd by Art; and their noble and genuine Vigour dispirited into lean and dry Affectations. But I maintain, that I can make the contrary very clear, if men will pass a right judgment on things. And to speak the truth, tho' Nature never discovers her self with a more generous sally, than in the composition of lofty and passionate productions; yet neither is she in them a sworn enemy to Art and Garniture. In all our Discourses, I own, she is to be look'd upon as the basis, source and foundation: but be-



besides her succours, our Invention stands in need of a method to say only what it ought, and where, and to guide a Discourse to its true end; and this will be highly serviceable in forming our Soul to a true *Sublime*. For as Vessels of Burden are in great danger of being cast away, if they are left to their own natural poise, when the Master cannot tell how to freight them, either with their due lading, or ballast: So is it with *Sublime*, when we consign it over to the guidance and hurry of blind and rash Nature, which oftentimes stands in as much need of a curb to restrain it, as a spur to incense it. For as *Demosthenes* somewhere observes, *That the greatest Good which can chance to us in this life, is Happiness*; so there is another which is not much less, and without which the former would be in vain grop'd for in the dark: and that is the Art to conduct us to this Happiness, by the rules of prudence and discretion. So that we may say, in Discourse Nature forms the first fallies towards *Sublime*, but if Art was not ready to lead and direct her, blind Nature would never stumble into any thing of Excellence.

Now the first fault which carries a contrariety to *Sublime*, is Elevate, or \* Bum-  
bass; of which see some Instances. *Rolling*

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\* There are other Pieces of Bum-bass, but so imperfect that I have not touch'd them.

6      *An Essay upon Sublime.*

*Curls of streaming Fire.* † *To blot out every Star from its Orb. To make the North-wind his Musician.* And several other fine things, with which a nameless Author abounds: which are Notes above *Ela*, and strain'd above the Stops of the most fustian Tragedy. To make the expression strong, he makes it \*hard or grating: and the Images, instead of striking, stun. But pull off the frightful vizard, by setting them in a true light, and these Bugbears, instead of appearing terrible, will look ridiculous, even below Burlesque. If to be always upon the highest Note, is inexcusable in Tragedy, which is naturally rais'd and full of Pageantry; it must be nauseous, and intolerable in ordinary Discourse. Hence *Gorgias of Leontium* is laugh'd at, for calling *Xerxes*, *The Jove of Persia*; and *Vultures*, *Breathing Graves*. Nor are we better-natur'd to *Callisthenes*, who in several pieces of his Writings, does not so truly rise, as fly out of sight, above all human comprehension. But above all Masters of Bumbast, commend me to little *Clitarchus*: That Man is nothing but Air and Cork, and in the language of *Sophocles*, *He blows with all his Might on Flageolet*. The same Remark may be made upon *Amphicrates*, *Hegeſias*, and *Matris*. These sometimes are fully perswaded, that it is the

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† τὸ πρὸς ἕρανδον ἕξμεν. \* π/ύλω/α, ποτ π-  
θόλω/α damps it thick.

Spirit, and a Prophetick Rage which inspires them, while the only God which moves them, is their own childish fancy, and vain humour. And certainly in concerns of Rhetorick, nothing is harder to be avoided than Bumbast. As we are by Nature in every business hurry'd on to the courtship of Grandeur, so we mightily fear, to be tax'd for dryness, or want of fancy. So it happens, that we all, I know not how, fall into this vice, pleasing our selves with that musty Proverb: *He who Dares bravely, gains a glorious Fall.* Tho' in truth, Bumbast is as odious in Discourse, as Tumours hurtful in the Body. 'Tis nothing but a \* false outside, and a superficial Pageantry: but within 'tis hollow and empty, and has nothing of true Grandeur; and like one in a Dropsy, looks big without, and has nothing but a puff of Wind, or Water within. In the upshot, the fault of Bumbast is, that it designs to soar above Grandeur.

A Boyish, or Pedantick Style is contrary to it. For there is nothing so low as this latter, so mean, so much oppos'd to true gallantry of Discourse. What is Pedantry then? 'Tis nothing else but the thought of a great Scholar, which is made cold, and non-sence, by endeavouring to be too refin'd and affected. And this is a fault into which those fall, who aim at saying some-

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\* Some read *δυσκολία*, as Mr. le Févre.

thing uncommon, and surprizing; who endeavour to make a Thought extremely taking and charming: for they, by dressing their language in too many Figures, fall into a ridiculous Affectation.

There is a third mistake, contrary to *Sublime*, which is a false moving the Passions. *Theodorus* calls it an *ill-timed Fury*: When we are in a high Passion, when the thing in hand demands no Passion at all, or at most a very calm one. For some ranting Orators, as if they were still in drink, deliver nothing with its true Grace. They are carry'd headlong by their own sallies, and are perpetually falling into the transports of a Pedant, and a Declaimer. So that none minding what they say, they become unsufferable; which is the fate of those who talk in a Passion, to Hearers who are calm and serene. But I shall discourse in another Treatise about the management of the Passions.

### C H A P. III.

#### *Of the Pedantick Style.*

**T**He cold, or Pedantick Style, of which I talk'd in the last Chapter, runs through all the Writings of *Timaeus*. The Man, on other accounts, is not an Author of the last rate; he has oftentimes high strokes of true

true Grandeur; he understands things well, and does not express them ill; had he not a natural bent to find those faults in others, which he has not judgment to mend in himself; and were he not over fond in venting his new and uncouth Thoughts, which commonly makes him fall into the flattest Pedantry. I will give you a scantling of them in two or three expressions only, since *Cecilius* has been before-hand with me. In drawing the Character of *Alexander* the Great, *He conquer'd Asia*, says he, *in less time than Isocrates took to write his Panegyrick*. Wonderful Comparifon! of *Alexander* the Great with a School-Master! And at this rate of comparing, good *Timæus*, the *Spartans* would be but pityful fellows in respect of *Isocrates* the Orator; for they were \* Twenty long years in taking *Messene*, and he only ten in composing his *Panegyrick*. But what a Remark has he upon the *Athenians*, who were made Prisoners of War in *Sicily*? *It was a Judgment of God upon 'em*, says he, *for having sacrilegiously affronted, and cut down the Statues of the God Mercury, or Hermes; since the enemy's General took his name from Hermes, or Mercury; for several descents being call'd Hermocrates, and was the Son of Hermon*. I believe, my Dearest *Terentianus*, that if this *Virtuoso* was to write

\* \* Some Copies say 30, but falsly. Tanag. Fevre from Tyrtæus.

the History of *Dionysius* the Tyrant, he would say, *That it was a just judgment of God upon him, to be driven out of his Kingdom by Dion and Heraclides, for his Irreverence to Jupiter* [in the Genitive Case in Greek *Dios*] and *Hercules* [in Greek *Heracles*.] But why should I make such a stir about poor *Timæus*, when those Hero's of Antiquity, *Xenophon* and *Plato*, brought up under the Discipline of *Socrates*, may be sometimes taken napping, and let things flat and toyish go out of their hands. For instance, the former in that Book which he has written of the *Spartan Commonwealth*: *You should no more hear 'em speak*, says he, talking of the *Spartan Youth*, *than if they were Statues of Marble, nor see 'em move their Eyes, than if they were of Brass*. Lastly, *They were as Modest, as Maiden-like, as those parts of the Eye, which we call* [in Greek] *Maids*. 'Tis a Clinch for *Amphicrates*, not *Xenophon*, to call the sight of the Eye a *modest Virgin*. Good God! what a Thought? Because *Corè* signifies [in Greek] the sight of the *Eye*, as well as a *Virgin*; therefore the sight of the Eye, I warrant you, must be a Virgin full of Modesty; tho' in truth there is no place where Impudence more displays it self, than in the Eyes; therefore *Homer* to express an impudent Fellow, *Sot*, says he, *with thy Dog's Eyes*. But honest *Timæus* looks upon this as an interloping upon his own Monopoly

poly of Clinch ; and makes bold to fetch the conceit home again by way of Reprisal. Mind what use he makes of it in the life of *Agathocles* : *Would any one have ravish'd his Cousin German*, says he, *who was marry'd to another, on the very day of her Marriage, unless he had Whores in his eyes, instead of Virgins ?* But what shall we say to the divine *Plato*, who speaking of the Cypress Tables, where the publick Acts were recorded, has this thought, *After they had done writing, they laid up in the Temples those their Cypress Chronicles ?* And in another place, speaking of the Walls, *I am*, says he, *of the Spartan opinion, that our Walls should lie and sleep, and not be rous'd or molested.* It looks something wild in *Herodotus*, when he calls handsom Women the *Racks of the Eyes* : but he is somewhat to be excus'd, on account of the place, where he introduces Salvages speaking, and Men in drink. But as it had been no blemish to his History, if these Salvages had not been introduc'd, so it does not do well to put a foul word in their mouths, which may chance to disgrace his composition to all eternity.

## C H A P. IV.

*Of the Causes which make a Style Frigid,  
or Pedantick.*

ALL these deformities, which are so flat and boyish, only arise from the desire of saying something new, after which our Modern Writers run staring mad. Good and Ill are commonly deriv'd from the same Cause. That which makes up the beauty, majesty, and charms of a Discourse, if it is ill manag'd, performs the quite contrary; as we may observe in the ill use of *Hyperbole's*, and those Figures which we call *Pluxals*. In the train of this Discourse I will shew the risk we run in using them. Let us try at present how to cull out the beauties of *Sublime*, and still avoid those foils which are mix'd along with them. And this we may do, my dearest Friend, by first forming a clean and true Idea of *Sublime*, which is indeed difficult; because to judge of the fineness, or coarseness of Styles, must be the final result of long Experience. But by way of advance; let us take a view of the method, which is likely to make us Masters of this faculty.

C H A P.



CHAP. V.

Of the Marks of Sublime.

YOU must know, my dearest Friend, that in the common affairs of life, one cannot style any thing Great, when the contempt of it is only that which is truly great. Thus riches, honours, titles, crowns, and those goods which only carry a Pageantry and Show without, will never be accounted solidly Good by the estimate of a wise Man; since the contempt of them is only that which is substantially excellent. And those are less to be reverenc'd, who are Masters of them, than those who might be so, yet despise them by a Soul, which is far above them. The same reflection ought we to pass on the compositions of Poets and Orators. We must be careful, lest we mistake for the true *Sublime*, a certain Phantom of Grandeur, made up of swelling words, jumbl'd together by chance, and which in a strict judgment, are only an empty Bumbast, deserving our scorn, rather than our applause. For that which is truly *Sublime*, has this Quality, That it raises up the Soul to an exalted pitch, when it hears it; and makes it to conceive an higher Idea of it self, filling it with Joy, and I know not what, a kind of Ambition, when it only hears it, as if

it had created it. When therefore a Man of quick parts hears a Piece read over and over, and does not find that his Soul is rais'd upon the Wing, and that it leaves in his Heart an Impression, which can only be felt, and not exprest: but on the other side, if he reflects on it with application, it seems to flag, and not maintain its port, then is it not *Sublime*: 'tis only a jarr of words, which purely strikes the Ear, and leaves nothing on the Soul. The true Note of *Sublime* is, when we feel that a Discourse has left us fill'd with Thoughts, when it leaves such an Impression on us, as 'tis impossible to resist, and difficult to deface. To conclude, Look on that as truly *Sublime*, which pleases every one, and is also taking in every part. For when a considerable Set of Men, of different ages and employments, who neither conspire in humours, inclinations, or language, are all equally mov'd with some sparkling Piece in a Discourse, this combination of Fancies otherwise jarring, is an unquestionable sign, that 'tis surprisngly *Sublime*.

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### C H A P. V.

#### *Of the Five Causes of Sublime.*

**T**Here are five fruitful Springs, if I may so speak, of *Sublime*, which are yet all supply'd out of that rich fund, *The Art*  
*of*

of Speaking well; without which they too are vain and useless.

The *First*, and the most noble, is a largeness and height of Spirit, and Thought, which helps us to conceive things happily, as I hinted in my reflections on *Xenophon*.

The *Second* is a raising the Passions, and making them as brisk and active, as if they were hurry'd along by a Divine Inspiration.

☞ *Note*, That these two sources are the products of Nature, the three following of Art.

The *Third* is nothing else, but a quaint contrivance and turning of the Figures; which are either such as affect the Language only, or such as colour the Thoughts.

The *Fourth* is a nobleness of Expression, rising from the choice of words, and the elegance of the language.

The *Fifth*, which gives the finishing stroke, and locks within it all the rest, is an ordering and filing of every lofty and shining Thought, so that they may add lustre to the whole Discourse, without obscuring one another.

Let us next enquire into the nature of each one of these. But first let me acquaint you, that of these five sources of *Sublime*, *Cecilius* has forgotten that which concerns raising the Passions. If he designedly left it out, because he thought that *lofty* and *passionate* were the same, he is mistaken: For there are *Passions* which have nothing of  
*lofty*.

*lofty*, nay which are really low and groveling;— as Pity, Sorrow, Fear. And on the contrary, there are several *lofty* Thoughts, which are not *passionate*, as that bold description of, as daring an attempt of the Giants against Heaven :

*To scale the Heavens, Hills they pil'd on Hills.*

And that which follows, which pushes it higher,

*And Heaven had been scal'd, &c.*

And amongst the Orators, Panegyricks and Speeches only made for Pageantry and Show, have a vein of Great and Sublime, which runs through them : but have usually nothing of Passion. Hence it is, that those Orators who can move the Passions best, praise worst ; and those who praise best, move worst. But if *Cecilius* fancy'd, that moving the Passions does not help to aggrandize a Discourse, and so not worthy to be taken notice of, he runs upon a worse mistake. For I dare boldly avouch, that nothing raises a Discourse like a noble Passion fitly plac'd. 'Tis like a Fit of divine fury, and holy madness, which transports the speech above its ordinary pitch.

## C H A P. VII.

*Of that Height of Spirit, which helps us to conceive things happily ; and particularly of Grandeur of Soul, the first thing necessary to it.*

**T**Ho' height of Spirit, the first and noblest of the Five, is rather a gift of Nature, than an acquisition of Art ; yet we must, as much as we can, train up our Spirit to its native height, and keep it always big and teeming, if I may so speak, with a gallant and noble Pride. *But how must this be brought about,* says some one ? I have elsewhere told you, that height of Wit and Thought, was a true image reflected from the natural Grandeur of the Soul ; and for this reason, we often admire the naked Thought of some persons, tho' they never speak word, because of the greatness we conceive in their Soul : As for example, the silence of *Ajax* in Hell, in the Eleventh *Odyssæa*. 'Tis a fullen, scornful silence, expressing his disdain of the submissions of *Ulysses*, and has something in it greater than whatsoever he could have said.

The first accomplishment then of a true Orator is, that his Soul ought not to be low and groveling. For it cannot be, that those

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who

who have had their conceits servile, and their inclinations sordid all their life, should compose any thing Great, and worthy Eternity. Their Discourses only can be lively and rais'd, whose Thoughts are high and vigorous: As that reply of *Alexander*, when he had refus'd the offer *Darius* made him of half his Kingdom in Dowry with his Daughter. *I would have accepted the Proposal*, says *Parmenio* to him, *if I had been Alexander*; *And so would I*, replies he, *if I had been Parmenio*. None but an *Alexander* cou'd talk at this elevated rate. This Sublimity and height of Thought is that which makes the principal beauty of *Homer*. Thus in the Character of the Goddess of Discord, he describes her with her Head in the heavens, and yet marching on the ground. And one may safely say, that those are not so much the dimensions of Discord, as of the fancy of *Homer*, which is unconfin'd and boundless. How far different is that image of *Hesiod's* in his *Shield*, if that Piece is his, who speaking of the Goddess of \* Despair, says, that

*Snivel from her Nostrils flow'd.*

This Idea is fitter to turn our stomach, than to raise an awful, reverential dread. But what a sacred Grandeur does the other

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\* Tan. Faber.

Man present the Gods in, describing *Juno* and *Pallas* riding down the plains of heaven to the siege of *Troy*? He tells us, that

*As far as he, who plac'd upon the Shore,  
Can see all round him from some airy Tow'r,  
So far th' Ætherial Steeds stretch at one bound.*

He makes their leap as large as the World, and are not we ready to cry out, that if they were to make a second, (so stately is his Hyperbole!) there would not be room enough for them in the Universe? And how majestically does he draw the Gods a fighting?

*The Heav'ns rattl'd, and the Skies did tremble.*

And in another place, where he draws *Neptune* in a Rage, shaking the seas and earth before his engagement:

*The King of Shades in his dark Realm below,  
Leapt from his Throne, affrighted at the blow.  
He trembl'd, lest the God shou'd let in Day,  
And thro' the Center his black Court display  
To humane sight, and to th' immortal Powers,  
Dismal and wild, which ev'ry God abhors.*

You see, my dearest Friend, the grandeur of his Thoughts: the Earth open to its Center, Hell display'd, and the whole frame of the World ready to be dis-jointed and over-turn'd. Heaven, Hell, all things mortal and immortal seem to share in the battle, and in the danger. But these images, tho' full of terror, are to be look'd on as Alle-

gories, and Resemblances only; otherwise they are prophane, and do not raise the Character of the Gods high enough. And for my part, if I may speak what I think, when I see in *Homer*, the wounds, the factions, the punishments, the fetters, and the various calamities of the Gods, I look upon him, as if he stretch'd his Wit, to raise his *Grecian* Hero's up to the state of the Gods, and to debase the Gods into the dwarfish size of Men. Nay, he makes them even more wretched than Men; for death is the haven where all humane woes find a shelter. But as he has represented the Gods, he describes them immortal indeed, but 'tis rather in their miseries, than in their natures. He must then be thought much more successful in his performance, when he paints the Gods in their true Pomp and Gallantry; free from all mortal imperfections, refin'd from their passions. Thus in the description of *Neptune*, taken notice of by many before me:

*At ev'ry step th' immortal Neptune took,  
The Mountains trembl'd, and the Forrests shook.*

And a little after,

*O're Waves he drove, while from deep watry Cells  
Vast Whales spring up, and wanton round his wheels.  
Proud looks the Sea beneath her sovereign God;  
She homage pays, and hushes calm his Road.*

Nor



Nor was the Law-giver of the Jews an ordinary Man, because he sets forth the divine Power suitably to its majesty and greatness. For he hints in the very entrance of his Laws, as if every thing started into Being at the meer word of God. *God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let there be an Earth, and there was an Earth.* It would perhaps be tedious to you, my dearest *Terentianus*, after these descriptions of the Grandeur of the Gods, if I should shew in what gallantry our great Poet describes his Hero's. A thick mist had spread over the *Grecian* Army, and hinder'd it from engaging. Here *Ajax* not knowing what to resolve on, cries out,

*Disperse, ye Gods, this gloom of horrid Night,  
And let our Eyes behold the joyful Light :  
Chear our benighted Troops with one bright Ray,  
And in pure Air your Heav'nly Rage display.*

This, if you consider it, was a demand worthy *Ajax*. He does not pray for Life ; this would have been a petition beneath an Hero: But that alone which troubles him is, that he can find no opportunity in the Dark of signalizing his courage. He requests then in a Passion, that the Light may appear, that he may at least find a noble Grave, tho' he should chance to be engag'd even against *Jupiter* himself. And in his *Iliads*, *Homer* is like a propitious Gale,

which wafts on his Hero's with full Sails.  
He seems not so much to labour under a  
Passion, as an Inspiration :

*As Mars in Fury thro' a Battle roves,  
As sudden Flames rage o're the yielding Groves,* }  
*Thus gay, thus great the God-like Hero moves.* }

But I pray you mind, for several reasons,  
how he flags in his *Odyssæa* ; where we  
may see how proper it is for great Wits,  
when they grow old and decay, to please  
themselves with Tales, and old Stories. For  
I could give you many reasons to convince  
you, that he wrote his *Odyssæa* after his  
*Iliads*. And first, 'tis a certain truth, that  
a great many things in his *Odyssæa*, are only  
sequels of the misfortunes which we meet  
with in the *Iliads*, and which he has re-  
mov'd over into this last work, as resulting  
from the Wars of *Troy*. The calamities of  
the *Iliads* are often lamented by the Hero's  
of the *Odyssæa*, as such as were commonly  
known, and had happen'd a good while  
ago. So that the *Odyssæa* seems only an Epi-  
logue to the *Iliads*. Thus *Nestor*,

*There war-like Ajax, there Achilles lies,  
There lies Patroclus prudent as a God,  
There my lov'd Son too, makes his last abode.*

And the reason of this difference seems  
to be, because *Homer* wrote his *Iliads* in  
the vigour of his Wit, and therefore the  
whole body of it is full of Business and  
Action,

Action, and all over Dramatick : But the *Odyſſea*, which is the humour of old age, is full of Tales and Fables ; ſo that *Homer* in the latter, is like the Sun, when it is juſt ſetting, which keeps the ſame largeneſs, but not the ſame heat and ſtrength. He ſtrikes no longer on the ſame Key : there is nothing of that *Sublime* which runs through the *Ihads* with an even pace, without either rub or ſtop. There is no train of Paſſions rang'd cloſe to one another. He has no more the ſame ſtrength, the ſame fluency of reaſoning, ſo neceſſary for an Orator, and mix'd with ſo many natural colours of things. We may call it the ebbing of his Wit, which like ſome great Sea, contracts 'it ſelf, and forſakes its ancient ſhores, yet is great within its narroweſt boundaries. He is ſtill ſtrag'ling into his wild Fancies, and Tales of *Knight-Errantry*. When I talk thus, I have not forgotten the pictures he has made of Tempeſts, and of the adventures of the *Cyclops*, and ſome other matchleſs paſſages. For tho' the coldneſs of old age reigns through the generality of his Piece, yet 'tis the old age of *Homer* which ſometimes recruits with a generous ſally. But even in his ſhining Parts, he interweaves Fable too much with Action. I have been ſomething large on this Head, that I might make it plain, that the moſt rais'd Wits ſlag into meer Chat, when the nerves of their Spirit begin to ſlacken.

Of this rank is *Homer's* great Bottle, where *Aeolus* Tuns up the Winds, and the friends of *Ulysses* transform'd by *Circe* into Swine, whom *Zoilus* drollingly calls, *Little whining sucking-Pigs*: *Jupiter* nurs'd by *Doves*; the young Godling brought up like a young *Pigeon*, I assure you: *Ulysses's* long Fast for ten days together after his Ship-wrack; and all the Legend of murdering *Penelope's* Suitors. All that can be said to excuse them, is, that they are ingenious Dreams; the Dreams of a God. And all the remark which can be made on the *Odysssea*, is, that great Poets, and famous Writers, when their Soul has not heat enough to describe a Passion, they betake themselves to draw the humours and manners of Men. Of this kind is all that long Discourse of *Ulysses* with his servant *Eumæus*, when in disguise he dives into his inclination, and into the characters of the Suitors; which is a kind of diverting Comedy, where the different humours of Mankind are describ'd.

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## C H A P. VIII.

*Of the improving of this kind of Sublime  
by Circumstances, and Incidents.*

LET us enquire next, whether there is any other method to make the Thoughts in a Discourse *sublime*. As there is nothing  
in

in the World, which is not attended by a train of circumstances, it wou'd be an infallible secret to improve the grandeur of a Discourse, if we knew how to make a suitable choice of the most Illustrious, and by binding them ingeniously together, to unite them into one Body. For as the choice of the Circumstances on one hand, so wou'd the variety on the other, make a very agreeable prospect to entertain the Hearer's fancy. Thus *Sappho* designing to paint the rage of Love, she musters from every part Incidents, which follow and attend this Passion. But her Wit appears with the greatest lustre, in making choice of those Incidents, which best express the fury of Love, and in binding them together with the finest address.

I.

*Happy who near you sigh, for you alone,  
Who hear you speak, or whom you smile upon :  
They well for this might scorn a Starry Throne.*

II.

*To this compar'd the Bliss which Gods do prove,  
No Envy raises ; for the Blest above  
Ne're tasted Joys compar'd to those of Love.*

III.

*When e're I look on you, thro' ev'ry Vein,  
Subtil as Lightning flies the nimble Flame,  
I'm all o're Rapture, while all over Pain.*

*And*

## IV.

*And while my Soul does in these Transports stray,  
My Voice disdains to teach my Tongue its way;  
Each Faculty does now its trust betray.*

## V.

*A Cloud of wild Confusion veils my sight,  
Sounds vainly strike my Ears, my Eyes the Light,  
Soft Languishments my Senses disunite.*

## VI.

*Swift tremblings streight o're all my Body fly,  
Life frighten'd thence, Love does her place supply,  
Disorder'd, breathless, pale, and cold, I dye.*

*Paraphras'd by a Lady of Quality.*

Are not you raptur'd to see how she humours all things? Her Soul, her Body, her Tongue, her Eyes, her Ears, her Beauty, are drawn as so many different Persons, just at the point of expiring. And with what contrary Passions is she mov'd? She freezes, she burns; she is mad, she is very wise; she is afraid her Heart is just bursting; that one would think, that she was not possess'd by only one Passion, but that the whole circle of them made a general, jarring Rendez-vous in her Breast. All true Symptoms of those who are far gone in Love. And the fineness of her Discourse seems to result from the grand Circumstances, ingeniously invented, and suitably combin'd. Thus when

when *Homer* draws a Tempest, he describes all that may possibly happen dreadful in it. But the Author of the *Arimaspians* thinks that he has made a very astonishing Description, when he cries out,

*What Frenzy i'th' unhappy Sailor reigns ?  
Who far from Land lives on the watry Plains ;  
Slavery and Woe on his rough Voyage wait,  
And while his Soul shakes at approaching Fate,  
His Eyes and Hands he lifts up towards the Sky  
In vain : His Pray'rs are scatter'd as they fly.*

But we may easily see, that this place is rather florid and affected, than pleasant and agreeable. But let us observe how *Homer* describes a Ship-wrack in this following place amongst many others :

*As when the swelling Waves rais'd by a Storm,  
Against some well-rigg'd Hulk their fury arm,  
She's dash'd all o're with foam, the Wind prevails,  
And in rough Murmurs hurries through her Sails :  
Death seems to threaten in each rising Wave,  
The fearful Tars in vain their Topsails reef.*

*Aratus* would gladly refine upon this hint, by adding,

*A slender Plank guards them from present Fate.*

But by making the Thought too fine, he has lessen'd it, and divested it of its natural Terror. For by shewing what the Danger  
is,

is, he makes it appear smaller. *A slender Plank guards them from Fate.* Well: while it does so, they are safe enough, and do not need to fear a washing. But *Homer* does not define what the Danger is; only he paints, as in a Table, his Mariners ready to be drown'd at every Wave which hoams in; and his very words [in the Original] carry the picture of Danger stamp'd on them. The same artifice has *Archilochus* follow'd in the description of his Tempest; and *Demosthenes* in that Speech, where he shews what Consternation reign'd in *Athens*, at the News of the taking of *Elatea*. *It was grown very late*, says he, *when the News arrived, &c.* They both gargle, and nearly combine the grand Circumstances of their Subjects, placing in them nothing that is light, indecent, or Pedantick. For little, mean Circumstances, like rubbish, or rough Stone in Architecture, deface the Symmetry, more than they aggrandize the Bulk.

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## C H A P. IX.

### *Of Amplification, or Enlargement.*

**P**Arallel to the former helps to Sublimity in Thoughts, is Amplification or Enlargement: For when the Subjects which we manage, or the Controversies which we plead, require larger periods, and form'd  
of



of more parts, we may raise our selves, as it were, by steps, and each latter Sentence shall be an advance in the Roundlet (if I may so call it) above the former. And this Art may be of great service to rank a Discourse into its Topicks, or to aggravate, or to confirm, or to set a matter of Fact (for there are thousand uses of it) in its true light; or lastly, to manage a Passion. But an Orator must know, that no Amplification can be genuine, if it is not accompany'd with Grandeur and Sublimity: unless Pity is to be mov'd, or something to be debas'd and exploded. If any where else you part Grandeur from Amplification, you tear its Soul from its Body. For when 'tis depriv'd of such a support, it grows faint, it has no strength, or proportion. But let us for greater clearness, open very concisely, the distinction between Amplification, and that which we talk'd of in the last Chapter, which was nothing else but a combination of suitable Circumstances; and let us farther enquire how Amplification in general is differenc'd from *Sublime*.

## C H A P. X.

*Where Amplification, or Rhetorical Enlargement is defin'd, and farther explain'd.*

I Am not, I must confess, pleas'd with that Character the common Rhetoricians give us of Amplification. *Amplification is, say they, a Quality of a Discourse which enlarges the things contain'd in it, and raises it to its noblest height.* For this Character may be apply'd to *Sublime* in general; to that which moves the Passions, and to that which colours the Discourse, for they all aggrandize. But the difference seems to ly in this, That Sublimity raises a Discourse; but Amplification enlarges and widens it only. The former may sometimes be included in one single Thought; but the latter is always attended with number, and variety. So that Amplification, to give a general in-sight into it, is nothing else but a mustering together all those hints, which may be drawn from all the particular Circumstances of things, and all the Topicks into which a Speech is rang'd, which fills the Discourse, and strengthens it, enforcing what was said in the entrance of a Discourse in its full vigour, and stress. It is different from the Arguments and Proofs of a Discourse; because they prove that which is doubted of, but this aggravates and enlarges it to the greatest extent.

*An*

- \* *An Appendix to the Tenth Chapter, containing Reflections by way of Comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero, in regard to Amplification.*

**C***icero*, by a rich vein of Eloquence, like a spacious Sea, spreads himself into a diffus'd Grandeur. His Passions are extreamly lively, full of Flame, and sparkling Fury. *Demosthenes* is more majestical and concise. He is far from being dry or cold, but neither is he so fluent as the Roman, nor can he mould his Soul to copy out, and humour such a variety of Idea's. I only judge, my dearest *Terentianus*, by that light which we Grecians can have of Roman compositions; and by that light, tho' I judge them both grand Originals in their kinds, yet are their Beauties different. Our Countryman's Sublimity consists in a short, reserv'd, and clencht Style; *Cicero's* in a luxuriant and diffus'd one. We may compare our own Orator, on the account of the violence, swiftness, strength, and eagerness, by which he consumes and carries all before him, if I may so speak, to a Hurricane, or to Thunder. But *Cicero* is like a mighty Flame, which displays it self, and rises into the Air with

\* *There is a considerable Defect in this place in the Original.*

a Blaze, which still rages, and cannot be quench'd, or stopt ; which acts variously according to the difference of its Fuel, and feeds on whatsoever it meets. But you are a better Judge of this, than I am. In the upshot, The Style of *Demosthenes* seems to be better fitted for strong Aggravations, and vehement Passions ; where the Audience is to be struck into a Consternation. But the diffus'd Style is more happy ; where the Audience is to be soften'd, or wheedl'd as it were, into any thing. And without dispute, an open, diffus'd Style is fitter for Common-Places, for the closes of Speeches, Digressions, Narratives, Praise or Dispraise, Histories, Natural Philosophy, and several other Uses.

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## C H A P. XI.

*Of Imitation, another way of improving that Sublime, which consists in Height of Thoughts ; shewn from Plato's Writings.*

**T**O resume our first design, tho' *Plato's* Style is *Sublime*, yet it flows without any noise. As you may have discover'd, if you have read his Books of a Common-wealth. *Those Wretches*, says he, *who neither have Wisdom or Vertue, have still their Inclinations bent downwards to the ground, and labour all their Life under a Capital Mistake. They never*

never lift up their Eyes towards Truth, it has no Charms for 'em, for they have no relish of its refin'd and lasting Pleasures; but bowing towards the Earth, like Brutes, they drown their Reason in feasts, jollity and debauches. Their eager Desire, and insatiable Fury after these Delights, incite 'em to mangle and kill one another. And because Nature has not arm'd 'em with Horns and Hoofs, like other Beasts, to push or kick with, they contrive instruments of Iron and Steel, by which they execute their brutal designs. But this great Man, if we will mind him, has discover'd another way, which leads us successfully to Sublime. What is this way then? 'Tis an Imitation, or Emulation of those great Poets and Writers, who have liv'd before us. And this is the mark, my dearest Friend, that we all ought to level at. And certainly we may often see Men, who are raptur'd and inspir'd by another's Spirit, like the Priestesses of *Apollo*, ravish'd with the God upon the sacred *Tripod*. There is an hole open into the Ground, from whence issues out a breeze of Wind, a gale wholly Celestial, which makes her big immediately with the Divine Power, and forces her to speak her Oracles. Thus the Majesty of the Old Writers is breath'd from their works, like Celestial blasts from so many *Tripods*, into the Souls of their Imitators. And the very dullest, and most unfit for Inspiration, are transported by a Prophetic Spirit, which is none of their own.

This made *Herodotus* the most nice Imitator of *Homer*; and before him *Stesichorus* and *Archilochus*. But above all, *Plato* has been the most superstitious in his Imitation; out of *Homer*, as out of a spacious Fountain, he conveys through Pipes, if I may so speak, a thousand streams into his own Compositions. And this I could prove, but that it has been done already to my hands, by a famous Platonist, *Ammonius*. Neither ought this to be look'd on as stealth, no more than one's taking the Manners, the Pictures, or any other Pieces of work done by another, for our own Models to copy after. And in truth in my Opinion, *Plato* never performs so happily in his Treatises of Philosophy, as when from colder Discourses he insensibly falls into Poetical Thoughts and Flights, and like a fresh Champion, enters the List to dispute the Prize with *Homer*, who has been the wonder of all Ages. And tho' he does it perhaps with too much Fury, and in a braving Posture, yet is this heat advantageous to him, to raise his Spirit, since *Hesiod* has told us, that *Jealousy of Honour is the greatest incentive to Courage*. And this Contest with our Ancestors for Excellency, is the bravest, the noblest; where Victory is attended with the most illustrious Crown, and the Foil with very little Shame and Dishonour.

## C H A P. XII.

## Of Helps to true Imitation.

**W**Hen we labour out some great Design, which desires Height and Majesty, it is convenient to figure in our Minds, how *Homer* wou'd have exprest it, or what height *Plato*, or *Demosthenes* would have given it; or if it is in History, *Thucydides*. These great Personages presenting themselves to our Fancies, and shining like so many Flambeaux before us, will raise our Souls so high, that they may reach the most lofty Images of things; especially if we farther stamp on our Minds, What would *Homer*, or *Demosthenes* think of this Expression, if they heard it? How would they be pleas'd with it? It would assist us to arrive at Perfection, seriously to imagine that we were going to give an account of our Writings, before such a strict Court of Justice, where we should have the greatest Hero's of Antiquity both for our Judges, and Witnesses. This would be a noble Spectacle. But a stronger Motive to raise our Souls, is to consider what Judgment all Posterity will make of us. For if a Man is afraid, or jealous that his Writings will live no longer than himself, of necessity his Productions will be blind and imperfect Cubs; he'll never give himself the trouble to finish them, nor can they ever flourish to Posterity.

C H A P.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Of Images, a Third Method of improving the Sublimity, or height of Thoughts, or Spirit.*

**T**Hose Images, my dearest Youth, which some call Pictures, or Fictions, are very useful to give Weight, Majesty, and Strength to a Discourse. Image in general is a Thought capable of being exprest neatly, and which makes a Picture of a thing in the Spirit, of what kind soever. But in a stricter and closer Sence, it is when by a Rapture, and extraordinary Sally of the Soul, we fancy that we see the Things we speak of, and represent them to the Hearers, so that they may see them too. Now the use of Images in Poetry and Rhetorick is different. Their design in Poetry is, to surprize; in Rhetorick, to clear: but in both, to move. Thus *Orestes* when he fancies that he sees the Furies in *Euripides*.

*O Mother ———*

*At length be mov'd when thy Orestes prays,*

*And to their native Deep the Furies chase.*

*Their Snakes infernal hiss around my Ears, [glares.*

*Their bloody Eye balls roul, their gastly Visage*

*Again,*

*Alas they kill me, whither shall I flie?*

The



The Poet here does not see the Furies, yet he draws such a natural Image of them, that he almost makes his Audience see them. And certainly *Euripides* is extremely happy in expressing Love and Madness, and surpasses even himself in them. Tho' in several other places he is bold, and daring enough in his Expressions, his Genius is not naturally *Sublime*, yet does he strain it up to the height of Tragedy, and as the Poet has it,

*With his curl'd Tail his rugged Flanks he smites,  
And by each stroke himself to War incites.*

As we may observe in that place, where the Sun talks to *Phaeton*, when putting the reins of his Chariot in his hands, he says,

*'O're milder Regions, and in calmer Air,  
'Far from hot Libya's Sky thy Motion steer :  
'For there my Chariot in its flaming Course,  
'Ne're was refresh'd by Dews, or cool'd by Show'rs.*

And afterwards,

*'The seven Stars are marks to guide thy way.—  
Th' impatient Youth, who ill endur'd this stay,  
Snatcht up the Reins, and from the steepest Sky,  
Vext by his Whips, the winged Coursers fly ;  
O're vast extended Plains of Air they hie.  
In vain his Sire from his \*own blest Abode  
By new Directions shews the Starry Road, &c.*

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\* The Greek is, Mounted on a Star ; but Boileau renders it, *Du plus h' aut des Cieux.*

Would not one fancy, that the Soul of the Poet was mounted on the Chariot, and shar'd the same dangers with *Phaeton*? That it made an equal Flight with the Celestial Horses? For if he did not range along the Heavens, if he was not an assistant to them, cou'd he ever limn out the Expedition with that exactness? His Images are also as lively in that place of his *Cassandra*.

*But O ye Warlike Trojans, &c.*

The Pictures of *Æschylus* are sometimes exceedingly Heroick and Great, as in his Tragedy of his Seven Hero's at the Siege of *Thebes*; where a messenger brings *Eteocles* the news of the Seven Generals, who had unmercifully sworn in some sence their own Deaths.

*Seven Hero's, Chieftains all, and all renown'd  
For blackest Deeds, a bleeding Bull surround.  
Their Hands imbru'd in smoaking gore, they join,  
And in a solemn, fatal Oath combine.  
By the stern Deities of War, and Fear,  
And on a sable Buckler, fix'd, they swear, &c.*

But this Poet often flags, by soaring too high, into haggard, rough and wild Idea's. And *Euripides*, by his eager Ambition of being lofty, often stumbles into the same danger. For instance, in *Æschylus* the Palace of *Lycurgus*, falls into an horrible Fit of Divine Fury and Enthusiasm, after a strange rate, at the appearance of *Bacchus*:  
*With*

*With the mad Priests the gilded Roofs conspire,  
And the whole Palace joins the ranting Choir.*

*Euripides* has made use of the very same Thought, but he has soften'd it by a peculiar kind of Turn :

*While th'Echoing Mount does to their Notes reply,  
The chearful Mount seems Partner in their Joy.*

*Sophocles* is very curious in Imagery, particularly where he introduces *Oedipus* dying, and burying himself in the middle of a Tempest rais'd by a Miracle. And where the Ghost of *Achilles* appears in golden Armour upon his Tomb, when the Grecians were just unmooring for their Voyage. But I know not whether any Man has represented a more lively Image of this Apparition, than *Simonides*. But it would be too tedious, to hint at all the excellent Images, which might be discover'd amongst the Poets. But to return : Images in Poetry are commonly stock'd with fabulous, vast and incredible Incidents ; but in Rhetorick, the Beauty of an Image consists in representing a thing as it was acted, and according to the Life. For Poetical and Legendary Fictions in Oratory carry along with them course and ill-suited Digressions, and really fall into the utmost Extravagance. Yet our Modern Orators are hugely taken with them. These fine Orators, as they wou'd be thought, see the Furies sometimes, as well as the fine Poets. Nor do these conceited

Wits mind that poor *Orestes* is mad in *Euripides*, when he cries out,

*Oh! loose, thou cruel Fiend, thy Paws which bind  
My tortur'd Limbs, for endleß Racks design'd.*

What is the use then of Images in Oratory? 'Tis, besides other influences, to enliven and warm a Discourse. Insomuch that when they are artfully interwoven into the Proofs and Arguments, they do not only perswade, but subdue and as it were bring down the stomach of an Audience. *If a Man*, says an Orator, *heard a great noise before the Hall of Justice, and another at the same time comes and tells him, that the Prison is open, and that the Slaves are making their escape. There is no old Man so laden with Tears, no young one so careleß, but would run as fast as he could to help. But if in the hurry, any one should point out the Author of this Confusion; the Wretch were undone, he would not have leisure given him to speak for himself, but would be torn a pieces on the spot.* *Hyperides* uses this artifice in that Speech, where he gives an account of that Decree which pass'd after the Rout at *Chæroneæ*, when the Slaves were set free. *It was not the eloquence of the Orators, says he, which \* made this Law, but the Battle, the Defeat at Chæroneæ, &c.* At the same time that he delivers the thing, he makes an Image of it,

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\* *See 47.*

and by this Art does something more than prove and perswade. For as we are always naturally touch'd with that which sparkles and shines most; so the Soul of an Audience is easily struck by that Image, which displays it self in a croud of Reasons, and which darting on the Fancy, hinders it from making a search into the strength of the Arguments, dazling it with that light, by which it encircles a Discourse. Nor is it unaccountable, why this should have such an influence over us: for when two Bodies are join'd, that which has the greatest force, attracts to it self the power and efficacy of the other. But I have talk'd long enough of that *Sublime*, which arises from the height of Thoughts, and which proceeds, as I have shewn, either from greatness of Soul, or from Imitation, or from Images.

C H A P. XIV.

\* *Of the Contrivance, and Artificial Turn of Figures, the third Cause of Sublime, and particularly of Apostropha's.*

**A**CCORDING to my former Method, we must next rank our Figures. For they, as I hinted before, are not the least conducing to *Sublime*, if they are suitably contriv'd. To give a Platform of them all, if not an endless business, would at best be a tedious one.

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\* *The Second Source of Sublime [the Passions] is omitted, because Longinus had made a distinct Treatise of them.*

So that I shall only touch upon a few, yet such as most raise a Discourse, to shew that I laid down nothing but Truth. *Demosthenes* is desirous to vindicate his own Counsels, tho' unsuccessful, and shew that the *Athenians* had made no false step in fighting with *Philip*, according to his measures. How must he do this then to the best advantage? *You have not done amiss, you have made no false step, my noble Countrymen*, says he, *in venturing your Lives for the safety and freedom of Greece, and you have Precedents which will infallibly bear ye out in this Action. For sure those Hero's are not to be blam'd, nor did they ill, who fought for the same Cause in the Plains of Marathon, in Salamis, and before Platæa.* When he had premis'd this, streight on a sudden, as if he was inspir'd, and had got the Divine Fury within him; he cries out, swearing by those illustrious Defenders of Greece; *No, Countrymen, you have not done ill, I swear by the Ghosts of those Patriots, who ventur'd their Lives for the same Cause in the Plains of Marathon.* By this form of Oath; which I call an *Apóstropha*, he makes Gods of those their Ancestors, and hints as if all they who dy'd with the same Gallantry, ought in like manner to be solemnly sworn by, as so many Deities. And by this artifice he infuses into his Judges the courage, the spirit of these noble Dead; and by diverting his Proofs into this sublime, and moving manner of affirm-

affirming by Oaths, so surprizing, so solemn, and so authentick, he inspires into his Audience too a kind of Antidote and Preservative against all Prejudices to the Cause. He raises their Valour by the Praises he gives them, and makes them to conceive as high an Idea of this Battle, which they lost against *Philip*, as of the Victories they gain'd at *Marathon*, or *Salamis*: and by all these fetches, so neatly couch'd in one Figure, he secures both Judges and Audience to his own sentiments. Some Criticks pretend that *Demosthenes* took the rough draught of this Oath from *Eupolis*; where he brings in *Miltiades*, or some other great *Marathonian* Patriot, saying,

*I swear by the grand Marathonian Fight,  
Their Joys no longer shall my Grief excite.*

But there is no great wit requir'd, meerly to swear. The time, the place, the occasion give grace to the Oath. But here there is nothing but an Oath *en cuerpo*. For he harangues to the *Athenians* in prosperity, and who had no need of comfort. And moreover he does not treat those great Men as Gods, like *Demosthenes*. Nor does he trouble himself to plant in the Souls of the *Athenians* a bravery equal to their Ancestors; and instead of swearing by those who had fought for them, he swears by a thing without life, a Battle. But on the other hand,  
in

in *Demosthenes* the design of the Oath is, to egg on the *Athenians* after the misfortune at *Chæronæa*. So that in the compass of a few words, he proves that they have not done ill, he gives them an example, he confirms it by an Oath, he makes a Panegyrick upon them, and encourages them in the War against *Philip*. But as it might be reply'd to our Orator, that the business in hand was the loss of a battle, while he was at the helm of affairs, and that he swears by victories gain'd *time out of mind*; therefore to unhinge this objection, he moves forward with caution, he takes an exact measure of every word, and only uses those which may advantage his cause: giving us a precedent how to be prudent and reserv'd in our greatest transports. When he therefore gives an account how their Ancestors fought by Land at *Marathon*, and by Sea at *Salamis*, and of the battles near *Artemisium*, and *Platæa*; he says not a word of their being victorious: he takes heed to dissemble and conceal the event, which was as happy in those battles, as tragical in that of *Chæronæa*: nay, he seems to anticipate the objection, by rejoyning, *All those, O Æschines, who lost their lives in this expedition were buried at the charges of the Common-wealth, and not only those were honour'd at this rate, whose valour was seconded by an equal fortune.*



## C H A P. XV.

*That Figures lose their beauty, if not interwoven into Sublime.*

**I**T will not be suitable in this place to pass over a reflection, which I made before, and will explain very concisely here: and it is this; That as Figures naturally give strength and support to *Sublime*, so does *Sublime* on the other side derive a mighty force on Figures. But to inform you how it does so, and where, take the following account. We must note, that a Discourse which is wholly made up of Figures, is suspected, as if it design'd only to cokes, undermine, and deceive. Especially when we talk before a Judge, who is a great Man, a Tyrant, a King, or a General of an Army; he streight resents it, that he should be wheedl'd like a Child by the Quillets of a Rhetorician, who has a mind to shew his skill. Nay it is odds, but that taking these artifices as affronts, he flies out into the wildest passion: But if he chances to controul his anger, and lets himself be sweeten'd by the charms of the harangue, yet still he entertains a strong aversion from believing what is said. And for this reason, that is the best Figure, that is best dissembled, and which is not known to be a Figure. Now there is no Help, or Art more admirable to keep a Figure from appearing

appearing, than *sublime* and *pathetick*: for the † *Art of Wheedling* being surrounded with great and shining expressions, is conceal'd and darken'd by their lustre, that it cannot at all be discover'd, or suspected. Witness that passage of *Demosthenes* I before toucht on, *I swear by the Ghosts of those Patriots, who ventur'd their lives, &c.* It may be enquired how the Orator in this place hides the Figure, which he employs? He darkens it by the splendor and brightness of the Thought. For as the lesser lights vanish when the Sun appears in our Hemisphere: so all the Fallacies of Rhetorick disappear, and are obscur'd by that grandeur, which encircles them on every side. Thus in Painting, when the Limner draws several Parallels on the same Plane, with their lights and shades; that which addressees it self to the sight, will be the lights, which will seem even to stretch themselves out of the compass of the Table, and run as it were with a kind of eagerness to meet the eye. So *sublime* and *pathetick* (because they carry a secret sympathy with the motions of our Souls, and by reason of their brightness, and lustre,) are display'd to the Mind with better advantage, than the Figures, whose Art they shade, and set as it were in the dark.

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† τὸ πειραστικὸν τέχνη.

## C H A P. XVI.

## Of Interrogations.

**W**Hat remark must I make upon Questions, and Interrogations? For who can deny that these kind of Figures give a great deal of motion, action, and strength to a Discourse? *Will you never do any thing else,* says Demosthenes to the Athenians, *than walking about, ask one another — What is the news? And I pray, who can tell you greater news than that which you see? A man of Macedonia makes himself Lord of Athens, and gives Laws to all Greece. Is Philip dead?* says some one. *No — replies another — but he is very sick. I pray, Gentlemen, what signifies it, whether he lives, or dies? Your own cowardize will raise you up another Philip. And in another place, Let us weigh Anchor for Macedonia,* says some one. — *But where shall we land?* says a second. — *The war it self, Gentlemen, will quickly discover to us Philip's weak side.* If he had deliver'd the thing without these demands, it would not have comported with the majesty of the subject. But now, by his divine and fluent manner of proposing Questions, and answering them himself, as if he were a third person, he does by this turn, not only make that which he says more grand and strong, but also more plausible. For the Passions

are

are never more vigorously stir'd, than when the Orator seems not to plod for that sence which moves them; but when the very occasion seems to produce it on a sudden. Now nothing more nearly resembles an extemporary Passion, than these kind of Questions and Answers. For those who are ask'd about a thing, of which they know the whole truth, feel naturally in themselves a kind of motion, which hurries them along to answer on the sudden. \*

## C H A P. XVII.

*Of the Combination of several Figures.*

**T**HERE is nothing more effective to move the Passions, than two or three Figures combin'd together. For when they are thus join'd in Club, as it were, they derive to all that strength, grace and beauty, which are in each apart. And this is visible from a place of *Demosthenes* against *Midias*, where all at one stroke, he cashiers the Conjunctions, and interweaves both the Figures of Repetition, and Description. *He that abuses another, says he, does a great many things by*

\* The end of this Chapter is imperfect; and that little which is left, would rather embarrass than instruct, so I have not turn'd it. It seems to have treated of the influence of Conjunctions, express or remov'd. And he shews how that Homer, designing to describe the horror of *Circe's Cave*, and that sorrow which *Eurylochus* represented upon the loss of his Friends, [in the Tenth *Odyssea*], performs it by removing the Conjunctions; so that the Speech falls like so many sighs, or groans.

his gestures, his eyes, his speech, which the injur'd party cannot exactly describe. And lest the strength of his Discourse should slacken, (knowing very well, that Order and Method are signs, that the Orator's spirit is calm and undisturb'd, and that Disorder is an argument, that it is ruff'd and discompos'd,) he is forthwith hurry'd on with the same Figures. *One while, proceeds he, he insults over him, another while he beats him like an enemy, sometimes with his Fists, sometimes on his Face.* By this assemblage of violent Figures, the Orator moves and works the Judges minds up to his own pitch, as happily, as if they had seen the affronted party beaten before them. Then, as sudden as a Whirlwind, he returns to his charge. *These Affronts, Gentlemen, stir up the Passion of a Man of Spirit; these are enough to make a Man out of his Wits, who is not us'd to take such Abuses.* One cannot sufficiently conceive the Horror of such an Action. He every where maintains the port of these passionate Figures by his continued changes: so that he keeps up a kind of agreeable confusion in his very method, and in his very disorder a quaint kind of order.

## C H A P. XVIII.

## Upon the same Subject.

**W**ell, but for experiment, let us put the Conjunctions to this passage of *Demosthenes*, as the Imitators of *Isocrates* would have done. And then it will run thus. *And in good truth, we must not forget, that he who abuses another does a great many things; first, by his gestures; secondly, by his eyes; thirdly and lastly, by his voice it self.* By evening and smoothing each turn by the addition of Conjunctions, you may presently see, that the strong and eager Pathetick dwindles into a low Pedantry, into a softness which has no sting, no point; and that all the heat of the Discourse is immediately dead, and extinct of it self. Just as if the limbs of a man could be fancy'd to be ty'd, when he was running, his career must be presently stopt: so when an headlong, active Passion is embarrast with Conjunctions, and other superfluous weights, it bears them with much reluctancy, it loses the liberty of its motion, and that violence, by which it was hurry'd, like a Granado thrown out of a Mortar.

## C H A P. XIX.

*Of the Hyperbata.*

Under this Head fall the *Hyperbata*. Now an *Hyperbaton* is nothing else but a misplacing of the thoughts, or words in the train of a Discourse; and this figure carries the true stamp of an active, turbulent Passion. For those who are mov'd in earnest by Anger, Fear, Malice, Jealousy, or by whatsoever other Passion, (for there are so many of them, one cannot count them all,) labour under a continu'd confusion. Scarce have they form'd one resolution, but they are presently big with another; and in the middle of the second, they are casting about for a third, without any order or connexion, and commonly at last wheel round to their first design. Passion, like a Wind, which shifts through all the points of the compass, bandy's them each way, and makes them to change sides each minute: so that every moment they alter their thoughts, their language, and maintain no order, no single character in their Discourse. Now the best writers make use of *Hyperbata's* to resemble this motion of Nature: for in truth Art is never so perfect, as when it approaches so nigh to Nature, as to be mistaken for it; and on the other hand,

Nature is never more fortunate, than when the Art, she is drest in, is concealed and dissembled. A proof of this we have in the Harangue made to the *Ionians* in *Herodotus*, by *Dionysius* of *Phocæa*. *In good faith, our affairs are reduced to the last point of extremity, Gentlemen. Our fate is now a ballancing, either to be Freeman, or Slaves, and those of the worst and basest rank, Vagabonds. If you are desirous then to escape the misfortunes which threaten you, you must, without any delay, set your selves to labour and industry; and purchase your liberty at the rate of defeating your enemies.* If he had proceeded in the natural order, he must have said thus: Gentlemen, *It lies upon you to set your selves to labour and industry; for our affairs are reduced to the last point of extremity, &c.* So that first he misplaces that word, *Gentlemen*; and does not use it, till he has fill'd their souls with fear; as if the greatness of their danger, had made him to forget the respect he ow'd his hearers, in the beginning of his Harangue. In the next place, he perverts the order of the thoughts; for before he encourages them to Industry, which is notwithstanding his end, he gives them the reason for it. *In good faith, our affairs are reduced to the last point of extremity.* Insomuch, that the whole Speech seems not to be studied and elaborate; but to be the product of passion, and extemporary effusion. *Thucydides* also is most acute in his *Hyperbata's*, and in his transplacing things, which



which seem the most united by Nature, and which, one would think, could not possibly be parted. As for *Demosthenes*, tho' he is commonly more reserv'd than *Thucydides*, yet he is not so on this score; for never did any one gratify his humour with them more than he. For in that inclination which he has to make all things look as if they were extemporary, he conducts his hearers forward by the intricate mazes of his transpositions. Oftentimes he keeps back the first thought, as if he had a design to appear confus'd; and mixing into his discourse several different things, which he winds about to search after, often out of his subject; he raises a concern in his Audience, who believe the speech is just a sinking, and against their wills, interests them in the danger, they think the Orator is in. But at last, on a sudden, when none looks for it, he clenches it all to that purpose, which the people were so long expecting; and by this transposition, which is as ingenious, as it is bold and difficult; he moves more nicely, than if he had kept a method in his words. The variety of instances of this, may excuse me from producing any single one.

## C H A P. XX.

*Of the change of Numbers : And first, of Singulars chang'd into Plurals.*

**A**LL changes of *Cases, Collections, Antitheses, Gradations*, are strong and vehement, and contribute much, as you know, to the embellishment and heightening of a discourse; and to the making it more passionate and lively. What shall I say of the varying of *Cases, Tenses, Persons, Numbers* and *Genders*? How they checquer and quicken a Piece? As to *Numbers*, there are *Singulars* whose termination is *singular*, but take them rightly, and they have the power and force of *Plurals*. *A mighty croud of people*, says some one, *ran towards the Offing, and made it ring again with their confus'd shouts*. And these *Singulars* are more to be taken notice of, because *Plurals* are commonly more magnificent than *Singulars*. For their multitude gives them majesty and grandeur. As in that passage of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus* says,

*Confusion ! Horreur ! on those Nuptial Rites,  
Which damn'd me first to wear an human Image ;  
And then to stain my Father's Bed with Incest.  
What ? Fathers ! Brothers ! Sons & Husbands too !  
What ? Wives & Mothers ! Sisters & Daughters !  
Oh ! what a medley of Relation's here !  
'Tis desperately foul ! 'Tis wond'rous horrid !*

AN

All these Names and Titles describe, and concenter in *Oedipus* only on one side, and in *Jocasta* on the other. But the Number being diffus'd and multiply'd into several *Plurals*, seems to aggrandize the misfortunes of *Oedipus*. And thus the Poet,

*Stern Heçtors, and Sarpedons sally'd out.*

Thus in that passage of *Plato*, which I have hinted at elsewhere, touching the *Athenians*. *They are not Pelope's, nor Cadmi's, nor Ægypti's, nor Danaï's, nor other Salvage or Native Barbarians who live with us: but we are all Grecians, nor have we any other Blood in our Veins, but what is truly Greek.* And commonly the things sound much more pompously when the words, which express them, are multiply'd. But we must take heed to do this only, when there is reason for it: when the subject will bear enlargement, multiplication, aggravation; or when a passion is represented: one of these, at least, if not more. For to dress a Discourse all over with Bells and Trinkets, looks extremely Pedantick.

C H A P. XXI.

*Of Plurals chang'd into Singulars.*

**B**UT on the contrary, *Plurals* shrunk into *Singulars*, sometimes carry an high port of Sublimity. *All Peloponnesus*, says the Orator, *was bandy'd into Factions.* Thus

*Herodotus* : When Phrynichus caus'd his Tragedy, The Siege of Miletum, to be acted, all the Theatre burst into tears. To draw many things into one, gives something of Body and Nerves to a Discourse. In the upshot, I judge that there is the same reason and ground for both these Figures. For whether you multiply *Singulars* into *Plurals*, and of one thing make many, or whether by closing *Plurals* in one *Singular*, which sounds agreeably to the ear, of variety you make unity ; in both cases, the surprize of the change shews that you are in a Passion.

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## C H A P. XXII.

### *Of the change of Tenses.*

**T**His is, when we talk of a thing past long ago, as if done at present ; when it looks not like a Narrative, but as if the fact was really represented to your eyes. *A Souldier*, says *Xenophon*, being fal'n under the feet of *Cyrus's Horse*, and being trodden upon by the Horse, stabs him in the belly with his sword. The wounded Beast curvets about, and shakes *Cyrus* out of the saddle. *Cyrus* falls to the ground. *Thucydides* is much taken with this Figure.

## C H A P XXIII.

*Of the change of Persons.*

C Hange of *Persons* is also very moving. It often makes the hearer believe, that he is in the middle of the danger, which the Poet is describing. Thus *Homer*, painting a very hot Engagement,

*You'd swear that from their Wounds fresh force  
they drew,  
That as their toils, so did their strength renew.*

And *Aratus*,

*In that rough Month ne're venture out to Sea.*

And thus somewhere *Herodotus* : *When you come out of the City of Elephantina, on the rising side of it, you will immediately meet with an Hill, from it you will fall into a Plain, Champion Country. When you have travel'd over that, you may take Ship anew, and in twelve days you will arrive at a great City, call'd Meroe.* You see, my dearest Friend, how he carries your Mind along with him, and conducting you through several Countries, he seems rather to represent them to your eyes, than your understanding only. This rule wisely manag'd, captivates the hearer, as it were, and keeps him fix'd to the action. When your discourse seems not to be directed

rected at rovers, to all in general, but to be  
address'd to him alone.

*Disorder spread through all, nor cou'd you tell,  
For whom the brave Tydides fought so well.*

For by these appeals to the Audience, you  
render them more attentive and thoughtful,  
and more full of the things you talk of.

## C H A P. XXIV.

### *Of sudden Transitions.*

Sometimes it chanceth that an Author, talk-  
ing of some one, all on a sudden puts  
himself into his place, and acts his part :  
And this Figure is a sign, that the Passion is  
extremely violent.

*But Hector cries aloud t' his Troops to quit  
The pillage of the Field, and fire the Fleet :  
' For by the Gods, that Slave who disobey's,  
' His Life, t' atone for his lost Honour, pays.*

The Poet, as is the most proper, reserves  
the Narration for himself, but presently,  
without giving any notice of it, he puts the  
menace into the mouth of this warlike and  
furious General. And his discourse would  
have grown cold, if he should have inter-  
pos'd : *Hector said these, or such like words.*  
But by this surprizing Transition he pre-  
vents

vents the Reader, and he is fal'n into it, before he is aware of it. The true use of this Figure is, when the time is short, and the occasion will not let us delay it; then we shall on the sudden be oblig'd to pass from one person to another: as in *Hecateus*. The Herald being heinously mov'd at these things, orders the Descendants of the Heraclidæ to withdraw. 'I can do no more for you, Gentlemen. In the upshot, you are undone, and you will force me to go, and seek for a retreating place in some forreign Country. Demosthenes makes use of this Figure in his Harangue against *Aristogiton*, with a great deal of Passion, with the finest turn of Thought, and the most beautiful variety of Persons imaginable. *Is there no one in this august Assembly*, says he, *who takes it amiss, or is angry, that this impudent Villain spurns at the most sacred of things, our Laws. A Villain did I say? --- Who --- Oh! the greatest Villain on the face of the whole earth. Could nothing stop thy brazen'd, thy harden'd Roguery? I do not speak of Gates or Bars, which another might break as well as thy self.* He leaves his Thought unfinish'd, his Passion holding him in suspense, and divided between two Persons. *Villain did I say? Who ---- Oh! the greatest Villain on the face of the whole earth.* But then on a sudden turning his Harangue against *Aristogiton*, which he seem'd to have quite thrown off, he makes his Discourse much more moving, much more poinant. Thus in that transport of

Pe-

*Penelope*, when she sees an Herauld coming  
from her impertinent Lovers :

O Herauld ———

*Why from the croud of Suitors are you come ?  
What news bring you a mournful Widow home ?  
To bid my Handmaids lay their Tasks aside,  
And for those ins'lent Guests a sumptuous feast  
provide ?  
Tho' they should now their softest Courtship move,  
And woo with all the eloquence of Love ;  
No more with their unwelcome Suits i'll bear,  
Nor longer entertain them trifling here.  
In swarming Multitudes ye here resort,  
And prey on all the substance of my Court,  
Exhausting both our stores of Corn and Wine,  
While at my Son's expence the Pavements shine.  
Sure ye have never from your Fathers heard,  
How great Ulysses in their Courts appear'd.*

4 By another Hand.

## C H A P. XXV.

### *Of Circumlocution.*

I Believe there is no one will doubt, but  
that *Circumlocution* too is highly useful  
in *Sublime*. For as in Musick, the principal  
Note sounds more agreeably to the skilful  
Ear, when it is in consort with those Dis-  
cords and different parts which reply to it:  
so a *Circumlocution* curiously turn'd round a  
suitable



fuitable word, by a natural report to it, makes up a Concord and Harmony, which form the beauty of a discourse; especially when there is nothing jarring and high strain'd, but all things are justly tun'd up, and harmoniz'd. To evidence this, witness *Plato*, in the entrance of his funeral Harangue: *We have faithfully discharg'd our last duty to 'em, and now laden with these honours, they are performing their fatal Voyage: they are conducted out of this world, with all the Pomp and State, which either the Publick could bestow, or their own Relations contrive.* Do not these expressions give a more than ordinary height to the Discourse? Does he not rather by the agreeable use of the *Circumlocution*, change the naked words into a kind of a musical Cadence? Thus *Xenophon*: *You look upon Labour and Industry, as the only guides and conducts to an happy and pleasant life: You have entertain'd in your Souls the most generous Principle, that ever enter'd into a Souldier's Breast; for you dote on Praise and Honour above all things in the world.* Instead of saying, *You are Industrious*; he says, *You look upon Labour and Industry, as the only guides and conducts to an happy and pleasant life.* And thus by enlarging every thing, he makes his Thought more sublime, and raises their Character.

## C H A P. XXVI.

*Of the Abuse of Circumlocution.*

Nothing can be more suitable than *Circumlocution*, if it is not us'd without measure: for then it falls faint and deadish, and relishes too much of the *Sir Formal Trifle*, and Bumbast. Thus *Plato*, who is a great admirer of Figures, and as some think employs them sometimes without sence, as in that passage of his Laws: *You must not let the Golden Riches, and the Silver Riches take root in our Commonwealth.* Where the Criticks droll, that if he had forbidden the having of Sheep and Oxen, he would have call'd them, *Sheep Riches*, and *Oxen Riches*. But I have been large enough, dearest *Terentianus*, in explaining the Figures, the third source and cause of *Sublime*: and it is clear, that they make any Discourse more lively and passionate: And Passion has as much of *Sublime*, as *Sublime* it self has of Beauty and Grace.

## C H A P. XXVII.

*Of the Choice of Words and Expressions, the Fourth source, or cause of Sublime.*

Since Thought and Expression are commonly the one explain'd by the other, let us here take a view of the method of  
ma-

managing that part of the Discourse which regards the Expressions. Now the choice of stately, sublime, and fit Expressions carries a wonderful influence towards the pleasing and moving an Audience. And there can be nothing, from whence, either an Orator, or any other Writer in general, may draw greater sublimity, beauty, grace, clearness, weight, force, and strength for their Works, than from the choice of their Words. 'Tis by them that all the charms discover themselves in a Discourse, as so many curious draughts in a rich Table. They give to all things, as it were, a vocal Soul, an imaginary Life. And in the upshot, graceful Expressions are the native lights of our Thoughts. However we must be careful, not to be too prodigal of them in all junctures. For to describe a low, mean Business in huge and stately Words, unless it is in Poetry, is as ridiculous, as if you put a great Play-house Vizard on the face of a little Child.\* But tho' we cannot express a small Subject in huge swelling Words, yet sometimes familiar and ordinary Expressions may be of use in an elevated Style. And this may be seen in that place of *Theopompus*, that *Cecilius* condemns, which I think is to be valu'd for the justness and expressiveness of the Words.

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\* I have ventured to supply the Deficiency, so far as to connect the Sense, having omitted the incoherent piece of *Anacreon*.

*Philip*, says he, very † easily swallow'd the affronts, which the posture of the times forc'd him to suffer. For sometimes a naked, simple Discourse will perform more than all the Pageantry and Embellishments of it, as we see in the common concerns of Life. And that which is spoken with the greatest familiarity, is the most easily believ'd. So that discoursing of a man, who to raise his interest, will not only bear all affronts and indignities quietly, but also willingly; 'tis very proper to say, that he swallows, or drinks down affronts. So in *Herodotus*: *Cleomenes running distracted, hacks his flesh into small bits, and so having minc'd himself, he dies.* And in another place: *Pythes fought so long in his Ship, till he was all butcher'd a-pieces.* These expressions, tho' they just border on Rusticity, yet they include such a Sence, as is far above what is vulgar and contemptible.

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## C H A P. XXVIII.

### Of Metaphors.

AS to the number of *Metaphors*, *Cecilius* seems to be of opinion, that there cannot be above two or three to express the same thing. But *Demosthenes* ought to be our standard in these concerns: And there seems to be a necessity of using more

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† *ἄνδρς ὡν ἀναγκοφαγῆσαι.*

of them at the same time ; when the Passions, like a raging Flood, hurry them down along with them in mighty shoals. *Those Miscreants, says the Orator, those Libertines, those Furies, those Parasites, have mangl'd, have maim'd the limbs of their own native Country. They have carouzd away their liberty, first to Philip, and now since to Alexander. Measuring their happiness by the circumference of their belly, and those dirty pleasures which attend it. They have quite destroy'd all sence of honour, and that noble principle, which the ancient Greeks valu'd above all the satisfactions of the world, Liberty, and the resolution never to endure a Lord and Master.* By this croud of Metaphors, the Orator vents his spleen against these Traytors. But *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* think it convenient to soften, and some way or other excuse the boldness of these Figures, by such particles as these ; *If I may say so much, if I may speak so, if I may talk at this rate, if I may venture so rash a word.* The excuse, say they, is an alleviation of the boldness. But still I will maintain, that the most natural alleviation of the abundance and boldness of *Metaphors*, or any other Figures, is to use them seasonably ; that is, when strong Passions, and sublime Thoughts demand them. For as lofty and rais'd Subjects by their torrent and violence, naturally transport and carry all before them : so they require out of course strong expressions, and leave no time for the Hearer to

66 *An Essay upon Sublime.*

amuse himself with harping on the number of the Metaphors, but throw him into the same rapture with the Speaker. And for Common-places, and Descriptions of things, nothing is so expressive as a train of *Metaphors*. 'Tis by them that *Xenophon* draws such a pompous description of the Edifice of Man's Body, and that *Plato* paints it with an air more divine even than he. For he styles the *Head* a *Cittadel*, and the *Neck* an *Isthmus* fix'd between it and the *Breast*. The *Vertebrae*, or turning joints of the *Neck*, hinges on which it rolls. He says, That *Pleasure* is the bait, by which *Man* is wheel'd into all his miseries; the *Tongue* the arbitress of *Tastes*. That the \* *Heart* is the spring of the *Veins*, the fountain of the *Blood*, which is briskly mov'd through all the parts of the *Body*; and that it is posted in a *Castle*, strongly guarded on every side. He calls the passage of the *Pores*, narrow *Lanes*. The *Gods*, says he farther, being willing to provide for the safety of the *Heart*, which might be surpriz'd by sudden accidents, have contriv'd the *Lungs* of a soft substance, and without *Blood*, and having small *Pores* running through them like a *Spunge*; so that when the *Heart* is fir'd with anger, they might fan and cool it, and keep it from being destroy'd by an excess of *Passion*. He calls the *Seat* of *Desire*, the *Apartment* of the *Women*; and the *Resi-*

\* Anatomy in *Plato's* time was but in its Infancy; not arriv'd to that Perfection, which it has now acquired under *Dr. Lower*, *Dr. Grew*, *Dr. Hanner*, and the Ingenious of our Age.

*Residence of Anger, the Apartment of the Men. He says, That the Spleen is the † Spunge of the Entrails, and that being fill'd with their Excrement, it swells and Struts out. And to finish this curious Master-piece of their Creation, the Gods and Nature shaded, and cover'd it all over with Flesh; which might be a Rampart to fence it against heat and cold; and which like Wool, or Down, might easily and softly wrap it round. He calls Blood the Forrage and Pasture of the Flesh; and that all the parts might be fed and batten'd, Heaven has wisely open'd, as in a Garden, several Rivulets, that the streams of the Veins issuing out of the Heart, their Fountain, might run into all the narrow windings of the Body. And that when Death arrives, the Fibres and Strings by which the Soul acted, break and untwist, just like the Rudder-bands of a Ship, and she is left alone to roam at liberty, and at random. These, and a thousand touches besides which follow, suffice to shew us the natural grandeur of every Figure, but of Metaphors in particular: and how well suited they are for Passion, or Description. But farther it is clear enough of it self, without my setting it in a fairer light, how naturally every Figure hales us along towards an excessive use of it. And*

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† 'Tis not μακρῆν, a Cookry-Room, as Langbain, Boileau, and others read it: But ἐκμαγῆν, a Towel, Napkin, &c. See Plato in Timæo, Tome III. p. 72. Edit. Serrani.

this is the reason, why *Plato* is ridicul'd, because that oftentimes, as if transported by some kind of madness, he suffers himself to be born away into hard and extravagant *Metaphors*, and into over-bold and swelling *Allegories*. *It is easy to be apprehended*, says he, *that a Society ought to be order'd and qualify'd just like a Flask of Wine, where the Wine is heady, hot and boiling, till it is stoutly chastis'd by another sober Deity incorporated into it, by which it becomes cool and terse, and fit to drink.* Where the Criticks reflect, that to call Water a *sober Divinity*, the tempering of them a *stout Chastisement*, and to be so much taken with these little, odd Witticisms, relishes something of a Poet, who is not over sober himself. And this may have given *Cecilius* an opportunity, to declare so boldly in his Notes on *Lysias*, that he is a better writer than *Plato*: being mov'd to give this sentence by two incentives equally unreasonable; by a love to *Lysias*, greater even than Self-love, and by as vast an hate of *Plato*. To which we may add a spirit of contradiction, which runs through the writings of this Author. But his conclusions are not so infallibly grounded, as he may fancy them; and his partiality is visible, in severely criticising on the imperfections of *Plato*, and in representing *Lysias* a compleat writer, without flaw or tarnish. But where is that perfection to be discover'd, which has no fault, or blemish?



C H A P. XXIX.

*An Enquiry, by way of Digression, whether a common, ordinary Style, which has no faults, excels a Sublime one which has some.*

**I**T may be worth our enquiry to examine in general, whether a Speech, or Poem, which is truly *Sublime*, yet has some blemishes, is more excellent than a common and ordinary one, which is finish'd in every part, and does not flag in any : or whether in the excellencies of Composures, greater regard is to be had to the number, than the size. These enquiries fall of themselves into our Subject, and must of necessity be canvast. And first, I conclude that an uncommon grandeur cannot maintain that elegance in every point, which an ordinary one may. For there is danger of dwindling into low and base, when we strive to be over exact ; and it is with *Sublime*, as with a person who is extremely rich, he cannot have his eye upon every thing, but must of necessity make many over-sights. On the other hand, 'tis almost impossible, that common, low, ordinary Spirits should be guilty of any blunders. For they never venture, they never are on the wing, but are always on

safe ground, whilst *Sublime*, by being high, becomes extremely slippery and dangerous. Neither do I forget, that we naturally judge of Composures by their dark sides, and the idea of their imperfections remains undefac'd, while their beauties glide smoothly off the Mind. And tho' I my self have discover'd not a few faults in *Homer*, and in other great Authors, and perhaps have as nice a relish of their deformities as any Man breathing, yet cannot I so properly style them faults, as negligences, as inadvertencies, committed out of a grandeur of Spirit, which tawring on its Pinions, scorn'd to stoop to exactness in trifles. And I will uphold that *Sublime*, tho' it does not always keep an even pace, still deserves the first rank in Composures. For *Apollonius* in his Poem of the *Argonauts*, and *Theocritus* in his Pastorals, excepting some few blemishes, are both happy in their beauties, which have no stain to disgrace them. But would you rather be *Apollonius*, or *Theocritus*, than *Homer*? The *Erigone* of *Eratosthenes* has no faults: *Archilochus* hurry'd by the force of his divine Spirit, which is hard to be regulated, is often extravagant and disorder'd. Is *Eratosthenes* therefore the greater Poet? And in Lyrics, would you rather be *Bacchylides*, than *Pindar*? Or in Scenicks *Ion*, than *Sophocles*? because the purest graces shine through the unblemish'd features of their smooth and easy styles. But *Pindar* and *Sophocles*, by their strong motion, burn  
up

tip all about them, if we may so speak; but then sometimes they are quench'd on a sudden, and fall flat without any reason. Yet there is no Man of tolerable sence, would think all the Works of *Ion* of equal value with the *Oedipus* only of *Sophocles*.

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C H A P. XXX.

*A Parallel between Hyperides and Demosthenes.*

**I**F the excellence of a Composure was to be rated by the number, and not the quality of its beauties, *Hyperides* would be far superior to *Demosthenes*. His Cadences are much more musical, and he surpasses him almost in every thing. Just like those Prize-players, who have some skill in each weapon, but are not absolute Masters of any. He has copied the perfections of *Demosthenes* throughout, except in his composition of words: and with them he has combin'd the softness and graces of *Lysias*. He can smooth and polish the roughness of a Discourse when he pleases; and can vary his humour much better than *Demosthenes*. He draws the manners and humours of Mankind with greater ease, and a more agreeable turn. He is Master of a true, genteel raillery. And his ways of drole and ridicule are noble, as well as decent. He is an exact manager of the Irony.

His Jests are not dry, or affected, by endeavouring to be too refin'd, but poynant and lively. He is very ingenious in baffling an Objection, by laughing at it. He is exceeding witty, and full of game. His stings are so well directed, that they please, while they wound. His manner of speaking is matchlessly charming and inimitable. Nature sure design'd him to touch and raise our tenderest Passions. He is large and diffus'd in his fabulous Narratives. He has an admirable flexibility of spirit in Digressions; as in the Poetical History of *Latona*: and he has shewn such state and grandeur in composing a Funeral Oration, that I think he may challenge all Mankind to equal him. On the other hand, *Demosthenes* has no genius to design the manners. He is not spacious in his Style, flexible in his Humours, or has any thing of pomp in his language; nay, he has scarce any of those perfections, which I hinted at before. And if he strains and scrues up himself to be facetious and witty, to ridicule any thing, he makes nothing ridiculous besides himself; and is the greatest Jest in his own Farce. And really he is most dull and insipid, when he thinks that he is extremely ingenious. But to give my sence of both these Writers; all the numerous beauties of *Hyperides* seem to be of an ordinary rate. They are not bold and extravagantly daring; they are not brisk and active; and the hearer may with a safe conscience  
snore

snore out a nap, whilst they are pronouncing. None was ever possess'd with such an awe for his writings, none ever approach'd them with a sacred dread, and fear of being too highly transported by them. But now *Demosthenes* has receiv'd from Nature, and accomplish'd and mellow'd by Study, the highest strain of *Sublime*, that ever was. His Passions are all lively, his Conceits all rich, smart and ingenious, quick and sparkling; but above all, we can never sufficiently admire his power, nerves and strength, which never any person equal'd. Oh! they were given him by some God or other, for 'tis blasphemy to call them *humane*. And in these beauties, in which his excellence lies, he transcends all of mortal race. He astonishes his Audience, and leaves his Rivals thunder-struck by his Eloquence. And one might more easily look with open eyes on the lightning, when it flashes in one's face, than not be touch'd by the train of his Passions.

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C H A P. XXXI.

*The Parallel of Plato and Lysias; and of the dignity of an humane Spirit.*

THE comparison between *Plato* and *Lysias*, as I observ'd before, is far different from the former Parallel. For he exceeds *Lysias*, not only in the excellence, but also

also in the number of his beauties. And I advance farther, that *Plato* out-does *Lysias*, not so much on the score of the latter's want of beauties, as of the real faults with which he abounds.\* What did these divine Spirits, who aim'd at perfection in all their Composures, design then, in this their slighting exactness in their performances, aiming only at what is grand and *sublime*? This may be one great reason of it, that Nature has not design'd Man to be a Creature of a low rank, of an ignoble standard, but has given him Life, and brought him into the world, as into a great Theatre, to be a curious observer of all that passes in it; and not only so, but on this mighty stage, to be an high-spirited actor, breathing after nothing but glory and renown. And in order to this end, she has inspir'd into our souls restless love for every thing, which appears great and divine; so that the whole circle of the World is not wide enough for our boundless thoughts, and unconfined speculations. Our ambitious fancies range farther than the flaming limits of the Heavens, and the most distant prospects of the Universe. And if at a nearer stand we take a just view of a Life, which has been great and illustrious in all its parts, we shall quickly see for what a grandeur we are design'd. By this

\* I believe that there is a Chasm here, though not observed even by *Dacier* himself; for it seems natural that the Parallel should have been longer.

natural impulse it happens, that we do not admire little Rivulets, how clear soever the Water is, or how wholsom ; but we are surpriz'd and raptur'd at the sight of the *Nile*, the *Danube*, the *Rhine*, but chiefly of the *Ocean*. We are not at all mov'd to see a little Fire, which we have lighted, preserve its flame pure and untainted for a considerable space ; but we are amaz'd at those flames which are kindled in the Heavens, tho' they disappear almost as soon as seen. And we think nothing more worthy of our admiration than the Furnaces of Mount *Aetna*,

*Which hurl forth Stones, and Rocks, and flakes  
of Fire.*

Now from hence we may conclude, that what is necessary and useful for Man, has nothing admirable, as being easily compass'd ; but that which is extraordinary, deserves our wonder, and our surprize.

## C H A P. XXXII.

*The Parallel between an Ordinary and Sublime Style, and the Close of the Digression.*

FROM hence it appears, that in *sublime* Discourses, \* where use and advantage are not indispensably combin'd with grandeur, tho' they are not above some imperfections, as we shew'd before, yet they have somewhat which raises them far above every thing, which is mortal and groveling. Excellence in any other part of a Discourse, shews the writer to be advanc'd only to the highest standard of Humanity; but *Sublime* raises him up, till it has exalted him to be a kind of a God. To be without faults, makes an Author no other than unblameable, but *Sublime* renders him the object of universal wonder. What shall I say farther? These extraordinary writers ostentimes by one noble beauty, one *sublime* flight, atone for all their faults. Nay more than this, should any one cull out all the deformities of *Homer, Plato and Demosthenes*, and other great Authors, and draw them into one prospect, they would appear the smallest

\* For Dacier very well reads it, ἐφ' ἧν ἐστὶν ἡ  
 ἡσυχία καὶ ὁ φρεσίνος πίπτει τὸ μέγαν &c.



part; nay they would be almost invisible, when plac'd nigh the graces of these Hero's. And this is the reason, that envy and malice themselves cannot hinder them from bearing away the prize, which they keep still, and are like to maintain to all eternity.

*While Rivers in their oozy Channels flow,  
And circl'ing Springs on Groves fresh Touth bestow.*

But it may be reply'd: a *Colossus* which has any flaws, is not to be valu'd above a small Piece which is entirely finish'd; as the *Souldier cut in Armour* by *Polycletus*. But to this it may be rejoin'd, that in performances of Art, we have the greatest regard to the exactness of the workmanship; but in works of Nature, to the grandeur of it. Now to discourse is a work of Nature. Farther, in a Statue we only mind its resemblance to its original; but in a Discourse, as I observ'd, we look for something divine and extraordinary. But to return to my first design: as it is the business of Art, to keep all of an equal height; and as it is hard for *Sublime* to maintain it self still soaring on the wing, and always preserve the same tenour; so it is necessary that Art should assist and succour Nature; because nothing, but their combination, can produce absolute perfection. And this I thought necessary to the canvassing of these enquiries. But I do not design to impose my thoughts, as infallible rules: let every one abound in his own fence.

## C H A P. XXXIII.

## Of Parables, Images, and Hyperbole's.

NEXT to *Metaphors*, to return from my Digression, follow *Parables* and *Images*, which only differ on this one account. \*

\* \* \*

Of this stamp is that Hyperbole: *If you bear your brains in your heads, and do not trample them under your heels.* We must take good heed to confine our Hyperbole's; for Hyperbole's lose their grace by being carry'd too high, and are slacken'd by being strain'd too hard, and their success proves quite contrary to our expectations. Thus *Isocrates* falls into Pedantry, by a silly ambition of speaking every thing with an air of grandeur. 'Tis the aim of his Panegyrick, to make it appear, that the *Athenians* have contributed more effectually to the common good of *Greece*, than the *Lacedaemonians*; and thus he proves it in the entrance of his Speech. *Since Discourse has that power, that it can make great things little, and little ones great; that it can represent old things as new, and can make new things look as if they were exceeding ancient, &c.* Is this your way, *Isocrates*, may some one say, to turn all things upside down which belong to the *Spartans* and *Athenians*. This is

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\* All the Treatise of *Parables* and *Images* is lost, and part of that of *Hyperbole's*.

proving

proving with a witness, and as much as to bid the hearers look to themselves, for you are resolv'd to banter them. Hyperbole's therefore, as all other Figures, are best, when they are conceal'd with the greatest skill; and they look finest, when a sprightly Passion, in middle of some great Circumstance, gives them life. As *Thucydides*, of the *Athenians* who were cut off in *Sicily*. *The † Spartans* (says he) *being come down thither, made a great Carnage of those who had taken the River. The Water was immediately stain'd with Blood: however all dirty and bloody, as it was, they fought to come to drink of it.* 'Tis very strange, that Men should not only drink of a composition of Blood and Mud, but fight for it too. But the grandeur of the Passion, and the surprize of the Circumstance, give it some colour of truth. Thus *Herodotus*, of those *Spartans* who fought at the Pass of *Thermopylae*. *They defended themselves with their broken, splinter'd Arms, till the Enemies, by their continu'd batteries, had buried them, as it were, under their \* spears and stones.* What think

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† This place is in *Thucydides*, Book VII. §: τῶν Πελοποννησίων ἐπὶ τῇ Ἰσθμῷ. Not as *Langbain*, *Faber*, and *Boileau* read it, Συεγκύβητος. \* *Mr. le Fevre* reads χερμαδίοις καὶ σώμασι for *Dr. Langbain's* χερσὶ καὶ σώμασι. For the *Spartans* were too far from the *Persians*, to fight with their Hands and Teeth. The *Latin Translator* very barbarously renders σώμασι, by *vocibus*. ye

ye of fighting with their splinter'd arms? Of being buried under the Persian spears? But these carry some shew of probability, as well as the former, because the *Hyperbole* is unaffected, and rises agreeably from the matter it self. But to keep close to my conclusion: the certain, assured expedient, to keep an *Hyperbole* from grating, is to employ it in a Passion, and when the thread of the Discourse seems to invite it. This is so true, that on the stage the greatest extravagance will pass for probability; because it raises a Passion, the Passion of Laughter. For Laughter is a Passion form'd in the Soul by the sentiment of that which is pleasant. Of this nature is that stroke in the Comick: *He had a Farm in the Country as big as a \* Posy for a Ring.* To close this Discourse: an *Hyperbole* may be used to lessen, as well as to enlarge; for both are perform'd by exaggeration. And a *Diasyrmus* is a kind of *Hyperbole*, which if taken right, is nothing else but the exaggeration of a base, ridiculous object.

## C H A P. XXXIV.

*Of the ordering and filing the Words; the fifth Cause of Sublime.*

**T**He fifth cause of *Sublime* is yet left behind, unexplain'd: which is an ordering and filing of the Words and Thoughts.

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\* ἐπελῆς Λακωνικῆς.

But having publish'd two Discourses on this subject, I shall only here hint at what is indispensibly necessary; as for instance, That Harmony is not only a charm, which Nature has fix'd in the voice of Man, to persuade and please with; but it is an \* Instrument, which has a strange power to raise the Courage, and move the Passions. For does not the Flute, for example, move the Soul of the hearer, and fill it with a sacred rage, as if it was transported out of it self? Does it not force the motions of the Body to humour the turn of its Cadence? But not the Flute alone, but almost all sounds have the same influence. Not that they of themselves form any idea's in the Soul, but by the change of their Notes, by their mixture and consort, they produce a surprizing transport, an inexpressible extasy. But these are nothing but the shades and resemblances of voice; they are not natural, but, if I may so speak, bastard and illegitimate sounds. And if these can perform such wonders, what shall we say of an harmonious composition of words? which is the musick of Discourse; which is natural to Man; which does not touch the Ears alone, but strikes the Mind; which is crowded with such a variety of names, thoughts, things, beauties and graces, with which our soul carries a secret fort

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\* Boileau has render'd *οργανον* in this place, *Instrument* inanime, but falsely.

of harmony, a strict and close relation; which by the mixture and difference of sounds receiv'd into our breasts, infuses into the hearer the Passions of the speaker, and builds up a true *Sublime* on the basis of lofty words and expressions. Does it not nobly contribute to form a grandeur, majesty and height of Discourse? Does it not enhance all its graces, and make it to have an entire and absolute command over the soul, which it ravishes and captivates? Would it not be madness to question a truth so generally own'd and experienc'd? There are several instances of this in *Demosthenes*, particularly in his Speech entitl'd, \* *Of the Crown*: where the words are so neatly contriv'd, that change any out of its place, the symmetry of the whole will become irregular, the purity will be tarnish'd and sully'd.

## C H A P. XXXV.

*On the same Subject.*

**T**IS just so with a Discourse, as 'tis with a natural Body, whose beauty rises from the union, and just proportion of every part: and tho' each limb by it self has nothing graceful, yet jointed together they form a most beauteous frame. Thus the parts

\* The beauty is only proper to the Greek, and therefore could not be Translated. The words are, Τὸ τοῦ ἡρισμοῦ ἢ τότε τῇ πόλει πεισάνηα κίνδυνον παρελθεῖν ἐποίησιν ὥσπερ νῆφθ.

of *Sublime*, when they are pull'd afunder, the *sublimity* is quite lost; but when each feature of it is combin'd, their harmonious juncture, and the turn of the Periods render them elevate and sounding. So that we may resemble *sublimity* in Words to a Club, where each one pays his share to the common shot. And this is so true, that several Poets and Writers, whose genius is not *sublime*, maintain the port of it in their Compositions, tho' their thoughts are usually flat, vulgar and course; but they raise themselves by the ordering and filing of their Words, which swell and aggrandize their Discourses, and keep us from surveying their lowness. \* *Philistus*, *Aristophanes*, and chiefly *Euripides*, are of this rank: as we may observe in the last of these, where *Hercules*, after he had kill'd his Children, says,

\* *With such a train of Ills at once oppress,  
My Soul wants verge to lodge another Guest.*

The Thought is very ordinary, but he gives it lustre by the quaint, and as it were, harmonious turn of words. But put them into another order, and you will quickly discover that *Euripides* is more expert in the ranging of his words, than in his sence. Thus in his Tragedy of *Dirce* carry'd away by a Bull.

*And, wheeling, bore, with a quick sweepy sway,  
The Oak, the Dam'sel, and the Rock away.*

\* *Philiscus*, Dacier. \* The harmony of the Words is hard to be prefer'd in a Modern Language, as of the following Instance.

This Thought, 'tis true, is very sprightly, but that which strengthens it most, is the musical Cadence, which is neither too quick, or violent, nor like a dead weight, overdull and slow; but the Words are rested one on another, and attended with several pauses, which are the true supports and raisers of a Discourse.

## C H A P. XXXVI.

*Of the ordering of the Periods.*

**N**othing so much debases a Style, as broken Numbers, which are too swift and fluent: these are only suited to the genius of a Dance. They are too soft and effeminate, and have always the same fall; which can never touch the Passions. But what is worst of all, as we observe in little wanton Airs, where not the sense and words are minded, but the singing, and the measures; thus these set, and formal sentences do not derive into the soul any kind of Passion, but only the impressions of the Cadence; inasmuch that the Audience foreseeing how the Period is likely to end, can repeat it before-hand to the Orator, and are pre-possess'd, as in a Dance, with every turn and motion. Farther, 'tis a great blemish to a Discourse, when the Periods are too nicely wrought, when they are too little, when they are over-stock'd with syllables, which last makes them so dis-jointed, that they cannot be clos'd by any thing, but Nails or Pins. CHAP.



There is nothing which maims a Discourse more, than the shortness of its Periods: for the sence is rumbled, as it were, by being crouded into too narrow a compass. But by short Periods, I do not mean those which naturally fall so, but such as are cut off and contracted against their own tendency. For to break the Periods too soon, puts a scatch upon the Mind; but when they have their just length, they steer on the soul of the hearer to the end of its Voyage. But on the other hand, if they are overlong, the superfluity of the words without sence lies heavy, \* faint and deadish on the spirit.

Low and vulgar expressions extremely darken the beauty of sublimity. Herodotus, in his *Polyhymnia*, gives us a divine description of a Storm, as to the sence; but Heavens! how is it debas'd by ignoble words, and which fall beneath the majesty of the subject? Of this nature may be reputed this expression, *The Sea began to seeth*; the awkward turn of this one word *seeth*, divests the sentence of its grandeur. *The wind*, says he in

\* Dr. Langbain very grossly takes *Σαοΰχα* in its most vile sence, and translates it, *pro excrementis*, &c. But this is not agreeable to the good-manner'd style of our Author: I therefore understand it in its other signification.

another place, began to be pretty mutinous, and those who were cast a shore by the Shipwrack, did not come to a very pleasing end. That term, began to be mutinous, is too mean and vulgar; and that Epithet, no very pleasing end, has too gay an air along with it, to paint so dismal an accident. Thus the Historian *Theopompus*, designing a majestic prospect of the King of *Persia's* Descent, has fully'd the whole with some little clownish expressions. *What City, says he, what Country in Asia, did not send in their Ambassadors to the King? What was there precious, either produc'd by Nature, or wrought by Art, which was not presented to him? How many pieces of Arras, Cloths of Gold, and Tissue? How many rich Vests, some scarlet, some white, and others of various colours? How many gilded Canopies and Tents, furnisht with all kinds of Accoutrements? What variety of Robes of State, and sumptuous Beds; of Plate, both gold and silver Cups and Bowls, set with Jewels, and wrought by the greatest Artists? Moreover many thousand stands of Arms, foreign and Grecian. An excessive number of Sumpters, and Beasts for Sacrifice. Bushels of the most poinant Pickles; Sacks and Magazeens of Paper, and other utensils; such a mighty quantity of flesh of all kind of Creatures salted, that those who saw the heaps at a distance, mistook them for the hills and risings of the ground. From the loftiest advance, instead of soaring still higher, he dwindles into the lowest fall.*

For

For by a very awkward mixing of Sacks, Pickles and Bushels, he seems to debase that glorious Scene, which he had before drawn, into the Geography of a Cook's shop: and is as ridiculous, as if you should rank a train of Sacks and Bushels among golden Bowls set with Diamonds, silver Plates, gilded Tents, and the richest Vessels. As this would be an ugly Landskip to the eyes, so are these vulgar expressions unsuitably plac'd hateful to the ears; and are so many infamous brands, so many flaws which disgrace an Harangue. It would have been much better to have chang'd and contracted this Discourse a little, and to have said in general, instead of those hills of salt Meats and other Provisions, that *They sent the King Camels and Sumpter-Horses, laden with all things necessary for use or pleasure; or that they brought in piles of the most delicious Viands, the most wholesom, and the most curious; or, all that the greatest Masters in the Art of Eating and Cookery value most.* For in *Sublime* we must not droop into base and contemptible phrases of speaking, unless we are forc'd by the greatest, and most pressing extremity. The majesty of the Theme ought to be resembled, by the nobility with which it is express'd. It will be convenient in this to imitate Nature, who takes care not to display those parts which we are asham'd of, and those which are design'd for her most ordinary offices; but in the style of *Xenophon, She conceals, and sets in a private apart-*

*ment those sinks, which might disparage the beauty of the noble Creature. But I need not descend to particulars; for having given an account of what makes an Harangue great and sublime, it must follow, that the quite contrary must render it base and groveling.*

## C H A P. XXXIX.

*Of the Causes of the decay of Wit and Eloquence.*

I Have only one thing more, my dearest *Terentianus*, which I shall not fail to add for your instruction, to the close of this Essay. It is an enquiry made me lately by a Philosopher. 'I cannot sufficiently wonder, says he, 'as well as several others, how it chanches that 'in our Age there are a great many Orators, 'who are compleat Masters of the Art of Persuading; whose Style is truly Rhetorical; 'their Thoughts not only acute, but clear, 'and extremely charming; yet we very seldom see any one come on the stage, whose 'genius is *sublime* and elevate. So exceedingly 'barren are our present Wits in their Compo- 'sures. Is this the reason which is commonly given out, that a popular State is the kindest Nurse of great Spirits, since the noblest 'Orators have grown up under, and also expired with it? For liberty, as they press 'the Argument, is the aptest to cherish and 'brood up the sentiments of Men, whose souls 'are train'd up for Glory. This draws them 'on, and awakens their Emulation, and that 'natural

‘ natural inclination we have to surpass and  
‘ out-do one another. And farther, those  
‘ rewards which are bestow’d in Common-  
‘ wealths, polish and plane off all that is  
‘ rough in the Orator’s thoughts : they refine  
‘ his parts, and the flawless lustre of that free-  
‘ dom his Country enjoys, shines in all that  
‘ he says or does. But we, *proceeds the Phi-*  
‘ *losopher*, of our Age are accusom’d from  
‘ our Infancy, to be slaves to a kind of law-  
‘ ful Tyrant ; so that our tender Souls are  
‘ swath’d, if I may so speak, into the customs  
‘ and fashions of Monarchy, and never have  
‘ the least relish of that beauteous, and most  
‘ fertile source of Eloquence, Liberty. And  
‘ this is that which makes all of us such  
‘ proficient in the Arts of Flattery. And  
‘ this was the reason, he believ’d, that tho’  
‘ a servile Spirit might be capable of all o-  
‘ ther Sciences ; yet he boldly affirm’d, that  
‘ a Slave could never prove an excellent  
‘ Orator. For a Genius maul’d, as it were,  
‘ and broken by the use of bearing its yoke,  
‘ can never have the boldness to speak the  
‘ truth. All the vigour of his Wit must  
‘ quickly evaporate into Fume, or remain  
‘ fast bolted in its Gyves. For as *Homer*  
‘ observes,

*That hour which locks a Pris’ner close in Chains,  
One half, at least, of his pure Honour stains :*

‘ Just as those small Cabinets, if the com-  
‘ mon story is true, in which great Men keep  
‘ their

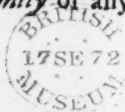
‘their *Pygmies*, which the unlearned call  
 ‘*Dwarfs*, do not only hinder the future  
 ‘growth of their Prisoners, but also make  
 ‘their present stature less. So slavery, tho’  
 ‘it is the justest and the easiest, is a kind of  
 ‘Cabinet, or Prison to the Soul.

I know that Man is very apt, (reply’d I,)  
 nay that it is very natural for him to find  
 fault with the present posture of Affairs.  
 \* But it is not Monarchy which decays Wit :  
 for if the charms of an overlong Peace  
 soften the tempers of great Spirits, much  
 more must this tedious War, which for so  
 long a time has disturb’d the whole World,  
 ruffle and discompose them. With these we  
 may join those Passions which constantly be-  
 leaguer our Life, and hurry and drag our  
 Souls along with them into confusion. The  
 eager desire of Riches, which is a disease  
 we are all desperately ill of, and the love of  
 Pleasure, enslave us, or rather drown us,  
 and all our excellencies in a bottomless deep.  
 For Avarice is the basest, and Pleasure the  
 most unmanly distemper of the Soul. And  
 I cannot see, upon a severe reflection, how  
 those who set a great value, or rather ado-  
 ration on Riches, can preserve themselves  
 from receiving into their breasts all the evils  
 which usually attend them. For Luxury and  
 Profusion move close after, nay on the same  
 level, with plentiful Fortunes, and excessive

\* This place is thus supplied, and the Dialogue alter’d by Mr.  
 Dacier, by a very neat Conjecture.

Estates. Those open the Gates of Houses and Families, into which they not only enter, but abide and batten. Nor do they make their residence, or as the Philosophers style it, their Nest there long, but they propagate and multiply. And what is their issue, I pray you, but Pride and Effeminacy? These are not their Bastards, but their Children lawfully begotten. And if we suffer this brood of Riches to grow up, immediately they also teem with Insolence, Lewdness, and with fear'd and harden'd Impudence, which like so many Tyrants, lord it in our bosoms. When a Man therefore is once grown careless in improving his Virtues, he has no fence of, nor does he longer admire any thing but what is vain and fleeting: and there must be such a disorder in his Soul, that he can never raise his eyes up to look above himself; nor can he speak any thing but what is very low and ordinary. And in a short time, there will be a general decay in all his Faculties. What was grand and noble in his Soul will speedily be lowr'd and fade; and all that he can gain will be only contempt and scorn. A Judge who is biast and brib'd, can never give a true sentence in the concerns of just and honest, because his own interest will triumph over the equity of any cause, when his sense of things is once perverted by a Present. How then can you expect in a season, when such an universal Corruption misleads the whole  
bent

bent of our Lives ; when one lays Ambuscades to ruin another, or to trick himself into his Will, as his Heir ; when our only aim is lucre and gain, to which we are such Vassals, that we would pawn our very Lives for it : in such a general contagion of Manners, how can you look to find any Man of such an entire Judgment, and so free from Passion, who not brib'd or blinded by Interest, can tast what is truly great and worthy Eternity ? In the upshot, is it not far better that Men of our Character should be under the government of Lords and Masters, rather than be left to a destructive liberty, lest the insatiable rage of Covetousness, like a Mad-man who has broke out of his dark room, should attack all near it, and at length set the whole World on fire ? 'Tis Luxury, I boldly vouch, which has bred this Lethargy in the souls of all, except a few choice Spirits of this present Age. And if we have any lucid intervals of this Disease, continued I, our faint endeavours only aim at Vain-glory, or Pleasure, not at any gallant Emulation, or noble Advantage. But we have reflected long enough on this, let us now make some farther Advances. The next Topick to be manag'd were the Passions, of which I promis'd a distinct Treatise ; because in my opinion, they have so vast an influence on the *sublimity* of any sort of Speech.

*FINIS.*



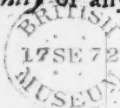
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# THE CONTENTS.

- Chap. I. **T***He occasion and design of the whole*  
*Work.* page 1
- Chap. II. *Whether Sublime may be learn'd ;*  
*and a short scheme of those faults which in-*  
*terfere with it.* 4
- Chap. III. *Of the Pedantick Style.* 8
- Chap. IV. *Of the Causes which make a Style*  
*Frigid or Pedantick.* 12
- Chap. V. *Of the Marks of Sublime.* 13
- Chap. VI. *Of the five Causes of Sublime.* 14
- Chap. VII. *Of that height of Spirit, which*  
*helps us to conceive things happily ; and par-*  
*ticularly of grandeur of Soul, the first thing*  
*necessary to it.* 17
- Chap. VIII. *Of the improving of this kind of*  
*Sublime by Circumstances and Incidents.* 24
- Chap. IX. *Of Amplification, or Enlargement.* 28
- Chap. X. *Where Amplification, or Rhetorical*  
*Enlargement is defin'd, and farther ex-*  
*plain'd.* 30
- Chap. XI. *Of Imitation, another way of im-*  
*proving that Sublime which consists in*  
*height*

bent of our Lives ; when one lays Ambuscades to ruin another, or to trick himself into his Will, as his Heir ; when our only aim is lucre and gain, to which we are such Vassals, that we would pawn our very Lives for it : in such a general contagion of Manners, how can you look to find any Man of such an entire Judgment, and so free from Passion, who not brib'd or blinded by Interest, can tast what is truly great and worthy Eternity ? In the upshot, is it not far better that Men of our Character should be under the government of Lords and Masters, rather than be left to a destructive liberty, lest the insatiable rage of Covetousness, like a Mad-man who has broke out of his dark room, should attack all near it, and at length set the whole World on fire ? 'Tis Luxury, I boldly vouch, which has bred this Lethargy in the souls of all, except a few choice Spirits of this present Age. And if we have any lucid intervals of this Disease, continued I, our faint endeavours only aim at Vain-glory, or Pleasure, not at any gallant Emulation, or noble Advantage. But we have reflected long enough on this, let us now make some farther Advances. The next Topick to be manag'd were the Passions, of which I promis'd a distinct Treatise ; because in my opinion, they have so vast an influence on the *sublimity* of any sort of Speech.



FINIS.

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---

# THE CONTENTS.

- Chap. I. **T**He occasion and design of the whole  
Work. page 1
- Chap. II. Whether Sublime may be learn'd;  
and a short scheme of those faults which in-  
terfere with it. 4
- Chap. III. Of the Pedantick Style. 8
- Chap. IV. Of the Causes which make a Style  
Frigid or Pedantick. 12
- Chap. V. Of the Marks of Sublime. 13
- Chap. VI. Of the five Causes of Sublime. 14
- Chap. VII. Of that height of Spirit, which  
helps us to conceive things happily; and par-  
ticularly of grandeur of Soul, the first thing  
necessary to it. 17
- Chap. VIII. Of the improving of this kind of  
Sublime by Circumstances and Incidents. 24
- Chap. IX. Of Amplification, or Enlargement. 28
- Chap. X. Where Amplification, or Rhetorical  
Enlargement is defin'd, and farther ex-  
plain'd. 30
- Chap. XI. Of Imitation, another way of im-  
proving that Sublime which consists in  
height

## The CONTENTS.

<i>height of Thoughts; shewn from Plato's Writings.</i>	32
Chap. XII. <i>Of helps to true Imitation.</i>	35
Chap. XIII. <i>Of Images, a third Method of improving the Sublimity, or Height of Thoughts, or Spirit.</i>	36
Chap. XIV. <i>Of the contrivance, and artificial Turn of Figures, the third Cause of Sublime; and particularly of Apostropha's.</i>	41
Chap. XV. <i>That Figures lose their beauty, if not interwoven into Sublime.</i>	45
Chap. XVI. <i>Of Interrogations.</i>	47
Chap. XVII. <i>Of the Combination of several Figures.</i>	48
Chap. XVIII. <i>Upon the same Subject.</i>	50
Chap. XIX. <i>Of the Hyperbata.</i>	51
Chap. XX. <i>Of the change of Numbers; and first, of Singulars chang'd into Plurals.</i>	54
Chap. XXI. <i>Of Plurals chang'd into Singulars.</i>	55
Chap. XXII. <i>Of the change of Tenses.</i>	56
Chap. XXIII. <i>Of the change of Persons.</i>	57
Chap. XXIV. <i>Of sudden Transitions.</i>	58
Chap. XXV. <i>Of Circumlocution.</i>	60
Chap. XXVI. <i>Of the Abuse of Circumlocution.</i>	62
Chap. XXVII. <i>Of the choice of Words and Expressions, the fourth source, or cause of Sublime.</i>	ibid.
Chap. XXVIII. <i>Of Metaphors.</i>	64
Chap. XXIX. <i>An Enquiry, by way of Digression, whether a common ordinary Style which has no faults, excells a sublime one which</i>	

## The CONTENTS.

<i>which has some.</i>	69
Chap. XXX. <i>A Parallel between Hyperides and Demosthenes.</i>	71
Chap. XXXI. <i>The Parallel of Plato and Lyfias and of the dignity of an humane Spirit.</i>	73
Chap. XXXII. <i>The Parallel between an ordinary and sublime Style, and the close of the Digression.</i>	76
Chap. XXXIII. <i>Of Parables, Images and Hyperbole's.</i>	78
Chap. XXXIV. <i>Of the ordering and filing the Words, the fifth cause of Sublime.</i>	80
Chap. XXXV. <i>On the same Subject.</i>	82
Chap. XXXVI. <i>Of the ordering the Periods.</i>	84
Chap. XXXVII. <i>Of short Periods.</i>	85
Chap. XXXVIII. <i>Of low and vulgar Expressions.</i>	ibid.
Chap. XXXIX. <i>Of the causes of the decay of Wit and Eloquence.</i>	88

---